

The Outlook

Vol. 68

July 6, 1901

No. 10

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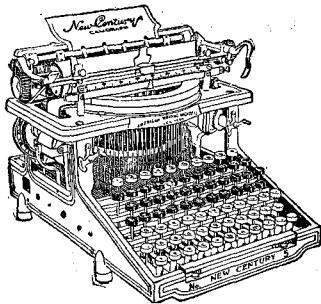
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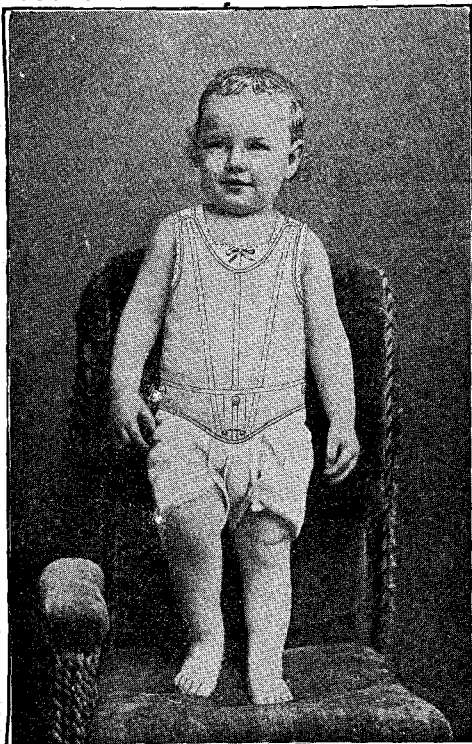
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The Seventh National Bank's Failure

The Seventh National Bank of New York City, which closed its doors last week, first came into National prominence when the last Congress investigated the relations between the Treasury Department and the banks with which public funds were deposited. It was then disclosed that the deposits of the Money-Order Department of the New York Post-Office were not under the control of the Treasury Department, but had been transferred by the Post-Office Department to the Seventh National Bank soon after that bank passed under the control of a group of financiers of political prominence, with Assistant Postmaster-General Heath at their head. Under its new management the business of the bank rapidly increased to large proportions, but last week's collapse may serve to generate in New York the distrust which Philadelphia has learned to feel toward all banks which utilize political connections to secure financial profit. The transactions which led to the bank's suspension are not believed to have involved any criminal misconduct, but they do seem to have involved serious violations of the National banking law. One of the requirements of this law is that no National bank shall lend to any one person, firm, or company an amount exceeding one-tenth of its capital, save in such matters as the discounting of the notes of third parties. One-tenth of the capital of the Seventh National Bank was \$50,000, but the Bank Examiner found that the bank had loaned to one firm the enormous sum of \$1,600,000. The firm thus favored is well connected, and the motive back of the excessive loans may have been personal friendship and personal confidence even more than a desire to make large profits through the taking of large risks; but none the less the bank failed to fulfill its public obli-

gations, and the Comptroller's Department deserves praise for forcing it into bankruptcy when it could not obey the law's provisions. The National banking system enjoys its prestige because of the restrictions imposed upon it to insure the confidence of the public. It would be as disastrous to the banks as to the public if the non-enforcement of these provisions impaired the confidence upon which the whole system rests. As in the preservation of the dikes in Holland, the only way to keep the system sound is to detect and repair every unsound part the moment the unsoundness develops.



General Sickles's Attack on Commissioner Evans

The attack made by General D. E. Sickles upon Pension Commissioner Evans has at least the advantage of giving definiteness to the hitherto vague demands that the latter should be removed from his office, or at least not be reappointed to it. General Sickles bases this demand, in the first place, upon a letter received by him last September from Senator Scott, of the Republican National Committee, which General Sickles interpreted as pledging the President to the removal of Pension Commissioner Evans if the President was re-elected. Senator Scott's call for the publication of this letter has resulted in giving it to the public, and we think it is worth while to print it here in full:

Headquarters of the Republican National Committee,
1 Madison Avenue, New York,
September 29, 1900.

*General Daniel E. Sickles, 23 Fifth Avenue,
New York City:*

My Dear General—Yours of the 29th to hand, and contents noted. Of course it would be impossible for me to say to you that the President would not appoint or that he would appoint certain individuals, but I think I can safely say that I hardly think Evans will be continued as Commissioner, and I have no doubt that the President and all of us who are

interested in his election will try to see to it that there is a Commissioner of Pensions who will be satisfactory to the old soldiers.

I think this is all that I could say on that subject without, perhaps, embarrassing the President, and possibly the Committee, but I think you can take it for granted that things will be about on the line that you suggest.

With kindest regards, and wishing you a very pleasant trip, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

N. B. SCOTT.

It is impossible for us to comprehend how any sane man should think that the President is committed by this letter to any course whatever in the premises, and the fact that General Sickles has so interpreted it makes us and will make the public generally distrust his report of all other interviews and incidents. Apart from this, General Sickles demands the removal of Commissioner Evans, or the appointment of some one in his place, on the general ground that the Commissioner is unsympathetic with the old veterans, that in specific instances he has made rulings which General Sickles thinks incorrect, and that it is inexpedient to appoint as Commissioner one who has "the almost unanimous hostility of the Grand Army of the Republic." General Sickles's claim to represent that organization, with its membership of 300,000, and behind these 300,000, 700,000 more veteran soldiers, and behind this multitude 500,000 soldiers' widows, and beyond that 1,000,000 soldiers' sons and grandsons, is even more preposterous than his interpretation of the noncommittal letter of Senator Scott as a pledge binding upon the President of the United States. No one has greater interest than the honest pensioner in having the Pension Office so administered and the pension laws so interpreted as to exclude as far as possible all fraudulent claimants. So far as we can judge, the only real objection to Commissioner Evans is that he has administered his office in this manner, and we are glad to see in the daily press published letters from some old veterans warmly commending his administration.

The Real Issue
Involved

The attack upon Commissioner Evans has accomplished one good service to the public. It has brought out from the Commissioner a clear statement of the

objection to the present method of dealing with pensions, an objection which will seem conclusive to all who are familiar with the extent to which falsehood is embodied in *ex parte* affidavits sworn to by interested parties who are not to be subjected to cross-examination, and are not liable to have their testimony contradicted in an independent investigation:

The principal weakness of the system consists in accepting as a basis of adjudication *ex parte* affidavits, which the Government has no power to sift by cross-examination, while at the same time it has no means of research for adverse testimony. In my opinion, there can be under these conditions no security to the Government against dishonest claims, and probably the proportion of such claims which will be successfully prosecuted will increase rather than diminish, the dishonest attorneys becoming more skilled and the temptation to fraud becoming greater as the average value of pensions is enhanced by the accumulation of arrears of pension and growing liberality of legislation.

The pernicious effect of this system, which, as the Commissioner shows, has been protested against by previous Commissioners in vain, is well indicated in an editorial in the New York "Times." As a result, we have thereby, six years after the close of the war, one million names on our pension list, and are paying out in pensions \$140,000,000 annually. Individual cases of fraud are reported by the "Times," of which two may serve as a type:

One sturdy, athletic man in receipt of the full pension for total disability was found to be the champion wheelman of his village; another physical wreck, totally disabled and in receipt of a pension which was to keep his body and soul together, was found to be the owner of a very comfortable estate, and when visited was engaged in shingling his barn.

The "Times" adds that it is the general knowledge that so many similar cases exist which "has evoked the indignant protest against the pension roll of a million names, of which it is evident that something like one-half must have been placed there by perjury and fraud." Whether its estimate is correct or not, every "old soldier" ought to welcome the effort to expunge from the pension roll every such case of fraud, and doubly welcome the brave endeavor of an honest officer of the Government to prevent the addition to the roll of any more fraudulent cases. The President will, in our judgment, make a great mistake if he imagines that the two millions whom General

Sickles claims to represent are all clamoring, through General Sickles, for Commissioner Evans's removal, or fails to re-appoint Mr. Evans Commissioner, unless some better reason for making a different appointment is offered than any that General Sickles has presented.



Partisan Census Frauds The demand of Civil Service Reformers that census officials shall be appointed by competitive examination and not by political favor is greatly strengthened by the outcome of the recent trials of census enumerators in Maryland. An investigation had been ordered in Maryland because of the suspicious circumstance that in Congressman Mudd's district the Republican counties showed striking gains in population, while Democratic counties, similarly prosperous, showed nothing of the sort. The gains in the Republican counties were made the more conspicuous because the Maryland Constitution allows two delegates to the lower branch of the State Legislature to all counties having less than eighteen thousand people, and three delegates at least to counties having more than this population. Two Republican counties were returned as having passed the 18,000 line—St. Mary's County being credited with 18,136 people, and Charles County with 18,316. When the investigation was made, it was found that several hundred people returned by different enumerators could not be accounted for. One enumerator in St. Mary's County had 528 such names on his list—most of whom had been merely temporary residents, but 127 of whom had never lived in the district, and 29 were of dead persons. This enumerator, when on the witness-stand, under trial for conspiracy, admitted that he knew these persons were dead, but excused himself in one instance by saying, "Well, he had not been dead very long." Another of the enumerators who pleaded guilty testified that one Joseph H. Ching had enjoined upon him that he must find more names. When he asked where these names could be found, "Ching replied that if he could not get them anywhere else he could go to the summer hotels in the district and enumerate their guests, adding the significant inquiry, 'Are there no graveyards in your district?'" This

enumerator managed to add 198 names to his previous list, partly from recollections of old residents, partly from hotel registries, and partly by the force of his unassisted imagination. The Civil Service Reform League's report of the trials concludes as follows:

It is evident that the true remedy for the monstrous abuses that occur in the taking of the census is to remove the appointment of supervisors (and, consequently, of the enumerators selected by them) from the field of partisan politics, by including this branch of the service within the classified system, and by making appointments thereto depend solely upon the ground of fitness, as ascertained by competitive examination.



The Ohio Republican Convention

Senator Hanna was the Chairman and the guiding spirit of the Ohio Republican Convention, but nevertheless its watchword was harmony. Senator Foraker, who used to be regarded as the leader of the faction opposed to Senator Hanna, was cordially indorsed for re-election, and was permitted to shape the platform upon which the campaign should be conducted. The distinctive feature of this platform was its aggressive assertion of the rights of the negroes to all the privileges of citizenship. "We denounce," it says, "as no less criminal when committed by theft than when accomplished with the shot-gun and ballot-box stuffing, all attempts to deprive of their inalienable rights millions of our fellow-citizens in certain States of the Union, . . . and we demand that representation in Congress and in the Electoral College shall be based on the actual voting population, as provided in the Constitution, proportionate reduction being made for any State in which the right of suffrage is denied except for crime." The anticipated campaign of the Democrats against governing colored races in the colonies without "the consent of the governed" is to be met, not by a defensive campaign, but by an offensive campaign against governing the colored race in the South "without the consent of the governed." National issues almost monopolized the platform. The course of the Administration in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba was warmly praised, the increase of the navy was recommended, the immediate construction of an isthmian canal was

declared to be an imperative need, the renewal of the Chinese exclusion act was demanded, and nearly all the remainder of the platform was devoted to the tariff and to trusts. On the trust question the platform welcomed combinations of both labor and capital, but declared that the creation of monopolies to control prices or restrict production must in some unspecified way be prevented. The only State issue presented was in a plank condemning the "single tax" proposal to concentrate taxation upon real estate. This declaration was aimed at Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland. In making up the ticket, Lieutenant-Governor Caldwell, whose relations with the brewers caused him to run over thirty thousand votes behind his ticket two years ago, relieved the Convention of embarrassment by declining renomination. His retirement was a triumph of the Anti-Saloon League, but the League was chagrined to have his place filled by Senator Nippert, of Cincinnati, who voted against the local option bill in the last Legislature.



**Greater New York
Really United**

The only social justification for the political change which made Brooklyn, Staten Island, and other suburbs of New York City part of the greater city, at the sacrifice of their local independence, was that the unification promised the rapid development of the means of intercommunication between all parts of the great metropolis. This promise is now being fulfilled even more systematically than the supporters of the consolidation act anticipated. A second bridge connecting New York with Brooklyn is already nearing completion, and within a few weeks the Rapid Transit Commission took the final steps to insure the construction of a tunnel from the downtown business district of Manhattan borough with the terminus of the Long Island road in the center of Brooklyn. These two enterprises alone made possible a vastly wider and better distribution of the people of the metropolis. Mr. Beecher fifteen years ago predicted the rapid growth of Brooklyn on the ground that "Manhattan is a bottle—when it is full it is full; but Brooklyn has all Long Island to spread over." Up to the

present year this statement of the case has remained only a half-truth because the time required to reach Brooklyn save at the one overcrowded bridge has prevented the spreading over Long Island, and the population which ought to have overflowed the limits of Manhattan has been forced back upon it, being "accommodated" in the five-story tenements and apartment-houses which have been taking the place of the old three-story dwellings. With the new bridge and the new municipal tunnel, additional thousands of families may find homes in Long Island. But the expansion is to go further than these public enterprises assure. Last week President Baldwin, of the Long Island Railway, announced that his company would construct still another tunnel from the center of the uptown business district in Manhattan (Herald Square, at the junction of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street) to the upper western terminus of his road at Long Island City. This second piece of work, according to the Brooklyn "Eagle," is ultimately to be supplemented by a belt line of floats and bridges connecting the New Jersey terminals of the Pennsylvania road with the Long Island system, and thence with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford road. However remote the execution of the latter part of the plan, the assured construction of the Herald Square and Long Island City tunnel puts nearly every part of Greater New York within forty minutes' ride of every other part.



**Separate Homes for
More Families**

The social significance of the new transit facilities is not easily overestimated. What city workingmen have gained through the shortening of the hours of labor has in large measure been lost through the increased time required to reach their work and return to their homes—unless their homes are in neighboring tenements. Even the workmen who have gained the nine-hour day for which the machinists are now striking cannot afford to live more than forty minutes from their work, or else their hours away from home are really longer than those of their fathers in the rural districts. So long as the workmen of New York had to rely on horse-cars and

ferries, forty minutes' time did not permit them to live more than three or four miles from their work. When the horse-cars were superseded by the elevated roads and trolleys, they might live five or six miles away without sacrificing more than forty minutes night and morning. But when the slow ride across the ferries is superseded by the quick ride across a bridge or through a tunnel, and the rest of their journey is by underground rapid transit or steam railroads, the allowance of forty minutes' time permits them to reach homes twelve or even fifteen miles away. The effect of these changes upon the necessary overcrowding of the population is easily figured. Within three miles of the City Hall, making allowance for the portion covered by water, there is only one city lot (25 by 100 feet) for every four families. The tenement-house was therefore a necessity. Within twelve miles of the City Hall there are four lots for every family, and a home with a yard or garden is again put within the reach of the working people.

The Torrens System Established

The final testimony to the complete success of the Torrens system of registering real estate titles was given at the last monthly meeting of the Chicago Real Estate Board, when its committee on the system reported, not only its growing popularity, but also that practically all lenders of money were willing to make mortgage loans on the security of certificates issued by the county registrar under the law, without further inquiry into the validity of the titles covered. Such complete acceptance of the system by the bankers means that it is now almost as securely established in Illinois as in Australia, and we may expect that it will make headway in this country almost as rapidly as did that other Australian system, the official ballot, after its merits had been tested in Massachusetts. Massachusetts, too, it may be recalled, has already accepted the Torrens system, and so has Minnesota, by an act of the last Legislature. Under the Torrens system titles to real estate are for a small fee made the object of an official search, and a certificate issued guaranteeing the title to the owner. After this official certificate has once been issued, the property may be sold and mortgaged

again and again, by merely entering the transaction upon the certificate, without the need of any subsequent investigation of its validity, whereas under the traditional system—or rather “jungle,” as Cromwell called it—it is necessary for each purchaser or mortgagee of real estate to institute a new and costly search, going back over all the work of preceding purchasers and mortgagees. The story of a title, it has been said, is now told in the same fashion that the story of “The House that Jack Built” is told to children. Hereafter it will be possible to record that the cock woke the priest without rehearsing the early episodes between the dog and the cat, the cat and the rat, the rat and the malt.



Free Text-Books in Chicago

The battle in the Chicago Board of Education on introducing free text-books in primary grades in the public schools has now been ended by the adoption of the free text-book resolution by a vote of 13 to 3. The opposition to this resolution, it will be recalled, came, not from the large taxpayers, but from the church societies supporting parochial schools—the German Catholics and the German Lutherans constituting the real strength of the opposition. The representatives of these societies expressed their willingness that the Board should continue to supply free text-books to children whose parents professed inability to pay; but the majority of the Board believed that this provision did not meet the situation, since the better and more self-respecting class of the poor did not wish to plead poverty, and often kept their children out of school because of the expense of the text-books. The resolution adopted by the Board states that one of the objects of the measure was to protect the interests of the taxpayers, as well as to widen the opportunities of free education. The first of these phrases is hardly accurate, for the large taxpayers at least will find the resolution a source of expense. The great body of small taxpayers, however, and the general public will find it a measure of economy, since text-books can be purchased through the Board, and furnished directly to the pupils, to be used until they are worn out,

at much less expense than they can be bought by parents for their children. Inasmuch as the church schools generally find it necessary to offer their pupils about the same terms that the public schools offer, the new system will materially increase the difficulty of maintaining parochial school systems. It was probably because of these anticipated burdens that the German Catholic Federated Societies and a large part of the German Lutheran clergy resisted the innovation. It is reported that the federated societies will appeal to the courts for an injunction restraining the Board from carrying the resolution into effect; but when we recall the result of the contest waged more strongly by kindred German societies against the establishment of the free school system in Pennsylvania, two generations ago, there seems little question as to the outcome of the present contest. The trustees presenting the resolution in favor of the free text-books reported that wherever the system had been adopted it had resulted in increased attendance, longer attendance, and the lessening of educational expenses to the general public.



**Commencement at
Harvard and Yale**

Both at Harvard and at Yale the first year of the new century was made brilliantly auspicious for university expansion by the rich gifts to each announced last week at Commencement. The aggregate gifts to Harvard for the year amounted to over \$780,000, the largest item of which is nearly half a million given by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Robinson, of New York, for the School of Architecture, in memory of their deceased son, a member of the class of 1900. Superadded to these was the gift, announced by President Eliot at the alumni dinner, of a million from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for the prosecution of applied biological research. Mr. Morgan's gift is a memorial to Mr. Junius Spencer Morgan, of London, for many years a Boston merchant. It secures the erection of three buildings of the five planned for the Harvard Medical School on a tract of twenty acres at Longwood, the estimated cost of the whole being two millions. The School is flourishing, having graduated a

hundred and fifty this year. The Robinson memorial gift, which includes a new building with its equipment, and maintenance of the teaching force, Dr. Eliot termed as well conceived and complete a gift as was ever given to a university. He anticipated that the gift of Mr. Morgan would lead to further advances on the recent brilliant achievements of medical science. At Yale great enthusiasm was aroused by President Hadley's statement that the Bicentennial Fund of two millions was now practically assured. The best feature of it, in his view, was the large rally of the alumni which it exhibited—more than seventeen hundred contributors, mostly of comparatively small sums, and none of a larger sum than \$150,000, not counting the proceeds of the long litigated Lampson bequest, some \$450,000. The \$300,000 which had been pledged conditionally, and is now secure, was announced as given by Messrs. James J. Hill, Matthew C. D. Borden, and Frederick Vanderbilt. The prominence of women in the list of recent benefactors of the University is noticeable. Among these the Misses Stokes, of this city, have given Woodbridge Hall, the new administration building, now near completion; and Mrs. A. M. Byers, of Allegheny, Pa., has marked a new era in the history of the Sheffield Scientific School by the gift of a building which will serve as a center, hitherto lacking, for the collegiate life of the School. This building, to stand adjacent to the new auditorium, which President Hadley proposes to call "Woolsey Hall," is to contain club-rooms and students' living-rooms, with an entire story devoted to the use of the Young Men's Christian Association of the School. It is a memorial to the donor's son, Mr. Alexander Byers, a graduate in the class of 1894. While President Hadley has declined to push the erection of the bicentennial buildings any faster than the funds for payment came forward, University Hall, the largest of them, is now so near completion that an adequate theater for the great commemoration, October 20-23, is now assured. The first note of that event has been already struck by the publication of three volumes of the twenty-nine prepared by Yale professors as *Festschriften*, to illustrate the work of Yale in the

advancement of knowledge, the means for which are, we believe, provided by an unknown donor.



A Comparative View The present form of the Commencement exercises shows less of a break with the old order at Harvard than at Yale. At Harvard the graduating class still sends as many as four representatives to the academic platform, and the Latin Salutatory, pronounced by one of these, still maintains the traditional honor of that language as the cosmopolitan tongue of the republic of letters. At Yale all this is changed; Commencement Latin is dead; representatives of the graduating classes ascend the platform only to receive their B.A. diplomas; the time formerly consumed by the young orators is employed by the President in relating the memorabilia of the year. A further break with venerable traditions is manifest at Yale in the presence of young women with young men in the double line of capped and gowned expectants of degrees, through which the procession of alumni pass into the place of assembly—this year, and for the last time, the Battell Chapel. Forty years ago Yale conferred on three men the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for the first time that it was given in this country to post-graduate students. This year thirty-nine received the same, and nine of these were women. In this respect Yale has broken with traditions to which Harvard still adheres—for Harvard grants no degrees to women. Dr. Hadley explicitly corrected the reports that recent changes looked toward a shortening of the academic course to three years. Such a result could only ensue in rare cases. Comparing the somewhat similar regulations at Yale and at Harvard, he said: "The number of hours of work required of the student here is very much greater than here; so that a shortening which is easy and frequent at Harvard is likely to prove difficult and exceptional at Yale." The various utterances of President Hadley during Commencement week, whether of a formal or informal type, were remarkable for nothing more than for the strong note of religious conviction frequently struck. The break with Yale tradition

made by calling him, a layman, to the President's chair, has made no change of tone in this respect, but rather a deepening of impression. In speaking of the need of new methods in theological instruction to meet modern exigencies, such words as these from him carry greater popular weight than from any clergyman:

That theological school will take the lead in the development of the whole country which shall know how to send out a body of men who can do for the Puritanism of America to-day what the ministers of three hundred years ago did for the Puritanism of England. We must have men who can awaken that spirituality and nobleness of purpose which runs through the American people, not by formulas and methods which satisfy the condition of the past age, still less by accessories which are but unimportant incidents in the church work of any age whatever; but by an appeal to that religious sentiment to which no strong nation has ever failed to respond.



Some Academic Degrees Among the honorary degrees conferred recently the LL.D. bestowed at Harvard upon the German Ambassador is worthy of special note for the sentiments of international regard expressed both in the giving and the receiving of it. President Eliot conferred it with these words:

Theodor von Holleben, Ambassador of the young and lusty German Empire, representative of an ancient people whose racial and institutional roots are intertwined with our own—of a people whose scholars and universities have for a century given example and inspiration to the learned world.

In his acknowledgment of the honor Dr. von Holleben, after referring to our Ambassador at Berlin, the Hon. A. D. White, as an eminent statesman, said:

I bring assurances that it is more than books and tunes that my fatherland sends you. It is, first of all, good will and friendship. All Germany feels that the two great branches of the Teutonic race belong together.

Among all the academic honors conferred this year none has been more thoroughly deserved than the honorary M.A. bestowed by Columbia upon the Rev. F. D. Gamewell, the Methodist missionary whose engineering skill, acquired in his student days at Cornell before he devoted himself to missionary interests, enabled him to fortify the Legations at Peking with a skill that won the praise of military experts, and proved to be the salvation of the besieged. Peculiar interest attaches to

the bestowal of degrees at Bowdoin. After conferring LL.D.'s on ex-Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, and on Senator Cibson, of Montana, Bowdoin College honored that well-known and well-loved woman writer, Sarah Orne Jewett, with the degree of Doctor of Letters.



Joseph Cook The temporary tenure not only of fame but of influence is one of the pathetic and one might almost say one of the tragic incidents of life. Twenty-five years ago Joseph Cook was lecturing every Monday to an audience which crowded Tremont Temple to its utmost capacity, and in which were a large proportion of ministers and thoughtful laymen. He had studied at Harvard, Leipsic, Berlin, and Heidelberg, and had traveled in most European countries. He was an omnivorous and tireless reader, possessed a remarkable art of expression, had a forcible and fascinating though not always pleasing personality. Materialism in its various forms had been presented to the American public through a great variety of inaccurate, careless, and half-educated journalists and magazine writers. Joseph Cook was a brilliant interpreter of spiritual thinking, and, if he was not always accurate and not often profound, the breadth of his scholarship and the brilliancy of his rhetoric made him a very effective interpreter of the best thoughts of the best thinkers whose philosophy was to furnish the counteraction and corrective of materialism. He thus rendered a great and, as we believe, a lasting service, especially to the ministry and churches of the Puritan faith and order, by his lectures in Boston and elsewhere and by their publication and extensive circulation in book form. Unfortunately, he was unable to recognize the legitimacy of any liberalism except his own. When the spiritual life of New England took on philosophical forms no more remote from the ancient creeds than were his own, and yet forms which differed somewhat from his own, the position which he had assumed as "Defender of the Faith" seemed to him to require that he should set himself as vigorously and vehemently against the new faith as he had set himself against the old materialism. From that time he became the rep-

resentative of a faction instead of the interpreter of a great school of thought; his influence waned, and his Boston lectures were not long thereafter discontinued. For the last few years he has been little known to the public, but, in our judgment, a real and important debt is due to him for the service which he rendered between 1874 and 1880.



July 4, 1901

The Fourth of July, 1901, will mean to a portion of the people under the American flag more than the Fourth of July, 1776. It ought to mean to all Americans, and will mean to many of them, a reaffirmation and extension of the principles which have made the Fourth of July a significant National holiday.

The United States is, as the phrase indicates, a union of States. The bonds which bind these several States together in a union are at least four, which we may designate as commercial, legal, international, and political. There is absolute free trade between these States; one State may not put a tax upon imports from another State. There is a judicial tribunal to which all controversies arising between the States may be referred, and its decision is final. The States present a united front to all foreign nations, act in all relations toward foreign nations as one nation, and guarantee to each other mutual protection against foreign assault and against domestic insurrection. Finally, all the people of these States unite in electing a President and Congress to deal authoritatively with such matters as are of common concern. It is evident that one or more of these bonds might exist and not the others. Thus free trade might be established between States legally, internationally, and politically entirely independent of one another; or States might unite, as recently the nations of Christendom have united, in constituting a judicial tribunal to which all differences might be referred, although there was no commercial union binding them together; or States might guarantee one another against peril of war, foreign or domestic, and send troops to one another's assistance—such alliances offensive and defensive have not been uncommon;

finally, there might be a political union without a commercial union, as is the case in the Kingdom of Sweden and Norway. These considerations make it quite clear that, at least theoretically, a community may be admitted to the Union of States for some purposes and not for others; it may be admitted to the international union and not to the commercial union, or to the commercial union and not to the legal union, or to the international and commercial and legal union, but not to the political union. And this is almost exactly what has taken place.

Cuba has not been admitted to the commercial union—there is no agreement that imports and exports between her and the United States shall pass freely unhindered by customs; nor to the legal union—there is no agreement that differences which may arise between her and ourselves shall be submitted to a judicial tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States, or any other; nor to the political union—she has no share in the election of our President and Congress. But for certain international purposes she is one with the United States, for she has agreed that she will neither directly nor indirectly alienate her territory to a foreign power, and we have agreed implicitly, and doubtless will agree explicitly as soon as a treaty can be drawn and adopted, to guarantee her against foreign invasion and against domestic anarchy. Porto Rico is united to the United States by all the bonds which bind the several States together except the political bond. Internationally she is at one with us, and we are pledged to protect her alike from foreign invasion and from domestic anarchy as if she were a State in the Union. Legally she is at one with us; her people may appeal to the United States Supreme Court for protection, and any differences which might arise between her and any State in the Union or between her and the Federal Government can be submitted to that Court, a fact exemplified in certain of the so-called Insular Cases already so submitted. And after July 4, 1901, she will be commercially one with us; under the Foraker Act, as she has assumed the expenses of her local government, all imports and exports between Porto Rico and the United States will, it is expected, be free. But she is not politically in the Union;

that is, she has no right to help elect the President and Congress of the United States. So long as she has all the other advantages of the Union, it is difficult to see any reason why justice or expediency demands that she should at any time join in this political union. The Philippines are not bound to us commercially or politically—they will have no share in electing our President and Congress, and trade between them and the United States will not be free; but they are bound to us by legal and international ties. After the Fourth of July they will be no longer a military dependency; they will be recognized territory of the United States, with a civil government of their own, conformed, as far as conditions permit, to that of the States and organized Territories of the United States; the Philippines will be guaranteed by us against foreign invasion or domestic anarchy, much as our several States and Territories are guaranteed; and their citizens will have presumptively a right to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and an unquestionable right to appeal to the Courts of the United States in the Philippines. The possession of liberty founded on justice, protected by law and guaranteed by a Republic abundantly able to fulfill its guarantees—this is what the Fourth of July, 1901, will mean to the people of Porto Rico and the Philippines, and, though in less measure, to less fortunate Cuba.

And the Fourth of July ought to mean, and we believe will mean, to all Americans more than it ever meant before. On the Fourth of July, 1898, the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago practically brought our war against Spain to a close. Up to that time for three centuries she had treated her colonies in the Caribbean Sea and in the Pacific Ocean as legitimate subjects for legalized plunder. Their people had never known either civil or religious liberty, and in Cuba and the Philippines had never known civil government or an era of peace. We have turned the plunderers out; we have suppressed the anarchy which almost invariably follows the overthrow of a long-continued despotism; we have established civil government; we have given to the people a large share in that government, a share which will be increased

as experience and training prepare them for it; we have given them in General Wood, Governor Allen, and Judge Taft some of our very ablest and best men to organize their governments for them and prepare them for self-government; we have done this despite the suspicions and the jeers of a minority at home intensifying the suspicions and awakening the opposition of the Cubans, the Porto Ricans, and the Filipinos abroad. But the first stage in our work of emancipation is accomplished, and the Fourth of July, 1901, is a fitting occasion to celebrate so splendid an achievement. It will always be possible to contend that the result might have been accomplished at less cost, by negotiations with Spain in the case of Cuba, by negotiations with Aguinaldo in the case of the Philippines. We are not of that opinion; but the discussion is now profitless, since neither party to it can ever hope to convince the other. The unquestionable fact is that, whether at necessary or at excessive cost in life and treasure, whether by the best method or by a method not the best, the work is accomplished and these peoples who have never been protected in their persons or their property, who have never known the meaning of just government, general education, or freedom in religion, are to-day freed from the oppressions of the past and by the American flag which floats over them are guaranteed protection for the future.

That is quite sufficient to afford a new occasion to Americans for rejoicing on the Fourth of July in this opening year of the twentieth century.

The Associations Law in France

On Friday of last week M. Waldeck-Rousseau, Prime Minister of France, carried the most important project of his Ministry, and perhaps the most important project of any recent French Ministry—the Law of Associations Bill. The measure now only awaits the signature of President Loubet to become law. In a single session the Chamber of Deputies of the French Parliament, by a majority of sixty-four, adopted the bill as amended by the Senate. It is important to all students of

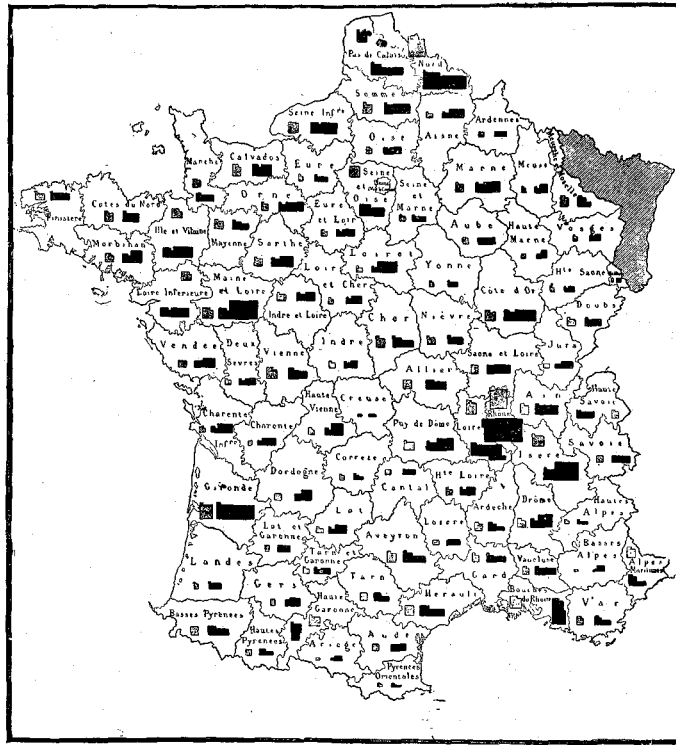
politics to understand the bill's form and to gauge the difficulties in application.

Up to the present France has lacked legal provisions for the free grouping and for the collective action of her citizens. By the existing legal status no meeting of more than twenty-one persons may be held. The Associations Bill asserts the absolute freedom of religious or secular associations, except (1) in the case of mixed organizations of Frenchmen and foreigners, (2) in case the headquarters of organizations are in foreign countries, or (3) in the cases of organizations the members of which live in common. The bill has a twofold purpose: first, to all French citizens it secures the widest freedom of action; secondly, it places just restraints upon certain monastic orders.

Let it not be thought that this measure is an instrument of anti-clerical persecution. Instead, it meets a great national want—a want presented to the Parliament by thirty-three bills in thirty years; a want expressed again and again by the leading spirits of France from the days of Prime Minister Guizot to our own. While the measure has been opposed by a few idealists, it has the general support of the liberal public and of those who sympathize with the modern idea of liberty. Such a law is demanded also by the irresistible current of the national life, which for a generation has put into practice freedom of association. Its effect will be to bring French law up to date with modern French life.

As compared with the legislation affecting Roman Catholic associations and orders in some other Roman Catholic lands, the measure is liberal. It will not disturb the Roman Catholic orders already legally authorized. Others have only to comply with Government requirements to be admitted to the same privileges. The whole system of ecclesiastical machinery, paid by the State and enjoying State favors, remains untouched. The parish priests, at present the most intelligent and most devoted whom France has known, have never enjoyed so much freedom. Indeed, by many the law is viewed as a protection of the parish clergyman against the intrusions of his monastic brother. A fair examination of the text of the law reveals no trace of an anti-religious spirit, whatever may be the attitude of some of those who framed it.

If the priests now form an element of some political as well as religious security in France, the monks do not; hence M. Waldeck-Rousseau, in introducing the Associations Bill, had in mind a social protective purpose. Some Roman Catholic monastic orders have become a real danger for a progressive society. State action was demanded by their accumulation of wealth, especially in real estate, as the accompanying map shows, and their skill in avoiding compliance with the just demands of the State as regards taxation. The demoralizing nature of this evasion was emphasized by that of their powerful



The small shaded blocks in the above map show the amount of real estate held twenty years ago by the monastic orders in each department of France; the large black blocks show the amount held at the present time.

press, as shown in the recent Dreyfus agitation, when, by deliberate plotting against the Republic, the Assumptionists and "La Croix" obtained such a scandalous reputation; but especially by the course of the orders towards education—in gradually imbuing the minds of the young with a hatred of non-Roman Catholics—and by the distortion of history for "pious" ends. As the Associations Law was meant for free citizens, the monks who have surrendered their personality by monastic vows are excluded from the benefits of this law unless they belong to legally authorized orders. Some of the unauthorized may secure recognition; the others are suppressed, though not in a harsh and arbitrary manner. Praiseworthy efforts have been made to deal equitably with their property, and even pensions have been provided for the members of the dispersed orders.

It was to be expected that Freethinkers, Israelites, and Protestants would be most favorable to this law, but Roman Catholics are far from being uniformly opposed to it. A large number of them have lived

for a quarter of a century in a liberalizing atmosphere of science, philosophy, art, industry, commerce, and progressive thought. They are capable of seeing that their Church is not wronged. They will support the law because it is legally reasonable and seems an adequate check to the growth of monasticism.

The orders, however, not unnaturally view the present issues through the prism of their mediæval Christianity. Every progressive reform which dispossessed the Church of some of her prerogatives has been interpreted by them as a war against religion and God. They are ready to unite with all the opponents of the present Ministry. They would doubtless go to great extremes, and do so, at least in their language; but they know that the currents of modern life are against them. Notwithstanding their flatteries to the army, it is far from sympathizing with them. The industrial and the commercial world are indignant with them. Philosophers, scientists, and educators know only too well that the triumph of the orders would mean retro-

gression. The intelligent peasants, the moral backbone of France, dread nothing more than government by priests and monks. It is obvious, then, that the progressive part of France will heartily support the law. The orders protest, but will have no alternative but to accept the inevitable. In the temporary agitation which they are now creating the present Cabinet may, by some sudden coalition, be overturned. But the best of the monks know that the real spiritual power of their Church will not be lessened. The forces of her life, ill spent in some monastic activities, will intensify the energies which are rapidly bringing about the humanization and the spiritualization of the Roman Catholic Church in France. The triumph of the orders would have been, if not a calamity, at least an anachronism.

Ralph Connor's Story

In this issue The Outlook begins the publication of a serial story by Ralph Connor (the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, Manitoba), author of "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," two stories which have not only been widely read, but which have awakened the deep interest always aroused when vital conditions of life are realistically treated from the standpoint of a writer who believes in God and in man, and who therefore, feeling deeply with all classes of men, enters with his imagination into their experiences and comprehends their problems. Very rarely have religious motives been worked out to their logical results in character more forcibly, or has character been projected against more striking backgrounds, than in Mr. Gordon's earlier work. He has shown a first-hand knowledge of somewhat primitive and elementary aspects of a life of great dramatic interest; the ability to know a man when he sees him, no matter how rough his exterior; and throughgoing religion, free from pietism, from fanaticism, from provincialism, and therefore fresh, wholesome, and manly. In "The Man from Glengarry" Mr. Gordon will describe the life of a boy growing into manhood against surroundings the blackness of which is strikingly and awfully outlined on the canvas in the first installment of the story. Mr. Connor's realistic treatment

is no small part of his strength, since it makes it possible for him to throw into whiter light and more definite outline the religious growth and the moral development of the man whose story forms the central theme of his novel.

Concerning Christian Science

It is difficult for any one not a votary of Christian Science to understand what it is. This is partly because, like other theologies, it has a dialect of its own; partly because, like other religious enthusiasms, its language is more or less mystical; and partly, in our judgment, because it is not a coherent and self-consistent system, but a mosaic of self-contradictory affirmations and negations. In our endeavor in this article to tell our non-Christian Science readers what we regard as at once the secret of its power and its ethical evil, we expect that our definitions as well as our criticisms will be unsatisfactory to our Christian Science readers. In this endeavor we accept as an authoritative interpretation of the principles of Christian Science, in so far as it can be properly said to have principles, the Annual Message from Mrs. Eddy to her followers, read in the Boston Christian Science Temple on Sunday, June 23, and printed in full in the Boston "Herald" of the following morning.

This Annual Letter is largely devoted to an attempted definition of Christian Science and a defense of it against critics. It consists of three parts: the first devoted to an interpretation of the doctrine of Christian Science concerning God, the second to its doctrine concerning evil, and the third to a specific reply to a specific critic.

The first may be dismissed in a few words. Mrs. Eddy denies that Christian Science repudiates or ignores the personality of God. It is true that she apparently has no clear idea of what personality is; she certainly gives no clear definition of her idea. It is true that she confounds Tritheism and Trinity, and shows herself wholly ignorant of the technical meaning of the word person (or *persona*) in the Church definitions of the Trinity. But, making due allowance for a mind wholly

untrained in philosophy, coupled with an ambition to use philosophical terminology, it may be fairly said, probably, that Mrs. Eddy's doctrine of God is that of a divine immanence, though very vaguely conceived and therefore ill defined. She denies, in common with all evangelical Christians, a corporeal deity and affirms God's spiritual personality. Her exact language is as follows:

We understand that God is personal in a scientific sense, but is not corporeal nor anthropomorphic. We understand that God is the infinite Person, but not three persons in one Person. Christian Scientists are Theists and Monotheists.

Coupled with this is the further affirmation of the divinity of Christ:

When Jesus said, "I and my Father are one," and "My Father is greater than I," this was said in the sense that one ray of light is light, and it is one with light, but it is not the full-orbed sun. Therefore we have the authority of Jesus for saying, Christ is not God, but is like God.

The figure is a very common one in orthodox interpretation of the evangelical conception of Christ's divinity. In other passages in her Letter, Mrs. Eddy confounds Principle with Personality, and writes in phraseology not easily distinguishable from that of pantheism; but we must charitably impute this to either confusion of thought or imperfection in the use of language, and recognize, on the whole, that she at least attempts to affirm her belief in both the personality of God and the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Certainly the distinctive tenet of Christian Science is not to be found in what its representative declares about God, but in what she declares about evil. That declaration is as follows:

Incorporeal evil embodies itself in the so-called corporeal, and is manifested in the flesh. Evil is neither quality nor quantity; it is not intelligence, a person, or a principle, a man or a woman, a place or a thing, and God never made it. The outcome of evil, called sin, is another nonentity that belittles itself until it annihilates its own embodiment; this is the only annihilation. The so-called visible sin should be invisible: it ought not to be seen, felt, or acted; and because it ought not, we must know that sin is a lie, an illusion, nothing, and only an assumption that nothing is something. We must not assume the position that sin is sin, and can take possession of us and destroy us, but that we take possession of sin with such a sense of its nullity as destroys it; it can have neither entity, verity, nor power thus regarded, and we verify Jesus'

words, that evil, devil, sin, is a lie, therefore is nothing, and the father of nothingness. In Christian Science love lays the ax at the root of sin, and destroys it on the very basis of nothingness. When man makes something of sin, it is either because he fears it or loves it. Now, destroy the conception of sin as something, a reality, and you destroy the fear and the love of sin; and there is nothing left of it, and sin disappears. A man's fear conquers him in whatever direction it runs.

From the old aphorism, "Whatever is is right," Mrs. Eddy deduces the pleasing conclusion, Whatever is wrong is not: sin is nothing; therefore the way to vanquish sin is to believe that it is nothing. Believe that it does not exist and it ceases to exist.

It is self-evident that evil is not Truth; then it follows that it is untrue; and if untrue, unreal; and if unreal, to conceive of evil or sin as real is sin in itself. To be delivered from believing in what is unreal, from fearing it, following it, or loving it, one must watch and pray that he enter not into this temptation—even as one guards his door against the approach of thieves. Sin is thought before it is acted; you must control it in the first instance, or it may control you in the second. To overcome sin, it must become unreal to us; and it is good to know that sin has no divine authority; therefore man is its master. I rejoice in the scientific apprehension of this grand verity.

This doctrine that sin is naught, that it does not exist, that it is nothing, that to believe that it exists is itself sin, that at best it is but a negation—the absence of virtue, as darkness is the absence of light—constitutes at once the power and the vice of Christian Science. Who would not be glad to believe that there is no sin in the world? Who would not rejoice to believe that in his own life sin can be vanquished by simply believing that it does not exist? Who would not rejoice to be thus freed from all fear of sin and its consequences, and all conflict with sin and temptation, if only the deliverance could be real and permanent? This doctrine is not consistently stated nor logically followed out; but this logical inconsistency adds to its popular power, for when one revolts from the necessary conclusions he is calmly assured that they are not conclusions.

This was not the view of Christ, who bade his followers fear him who hath power to cast both soul and body into the fire of Gehenna; this was not the experience of Paul, who wrote, almost as though he had a prevision of Christian

Science, "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air;" this was not the understanding of John, who wrote, "I write unto you young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one." Christ and the Apostles suffered no illusion on this subject. They did not regard sin as nothing, nor did they teach their followers so to regard it. To them it was a very real and a very terrible entity.

For ourselves, we wish to repudiate with all the vigor of which we are capable this pleasing but treacherous optimism. It is a very Delilah who summons man to go to sleep in her lap with assurances that there is no enemy near, only that she may deliver him over to his enemy. Sin the Westminster Catechism defines as any violation of or want of conformity to the law of God; sin John defines yet more tersely as "lawlessness;" sin Paul describes as the supremacy in man of the lusts of the flesh over the higher will of the spirit. Sin as thus defined and described is real, actual, aggressive, the terrible tragedy of human life. It is no mere nightmare, which will disappear when we awaken; it is no mere absence of goodness which glides away noiselessly and without a struggle before our higher aspirations, as the darkness disappears before the sunlight. Sin is lawlessness; sin is the spirit of a self-will setting divine law at defiance, or the spirit of self-indulgence acting in serene indifference to law, as though there were no higher will than one's own. Sin is to be feared; sin is to be fought: in one's self and in society. The serenity which smiles and folds its hands and says sin is nothing will never conquer sin. This spirit will not close saloons, nor lessen gambling-halls, nor rescue fallen women, nor emancipate the slave, nor overthrow despotic government, nor purify governments that are corrupt, nor in the individual vanquish his appetite, his lust, his pride, his self-conceit, his self-will. Sin is real, actual, terrible, a spiritual reality. It is an incident of a world of men whose wills are free to follow or to reject God and goodness, and who often choose to reject both. It cannot be argued out of existence by any such syllogism as, God is infinite and God is good, therefore there can be no evil. There *is* evil; and no philosophy can be intellectually or morally sound which denies its terrible reality.

In this illusion lies the power of Christian Science; its doctrine of metaphysical healing is subordinate and secondary. There are a great many sweet and pious souls who wish to believe only good about mankind and only pleasant things about life. They never read the novels, the past history, or the current records which depict in strong colors the evil passions of mankind and their consequences; they even think, or try to think, that whatever portrays immorality is immoral. Their motto is, Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise, and to them ignorance of the darker and more terrible aspects of life is always bliss. A philosophy which declares that there is no sin, it is only nothing, and no misery except in imagination, and none, therefore, which imagination cannot cure, that all evil is a "mortal thought," and to meditate on God as love and love as infinite is a panacea, brings to such optimists a welcome relief from the pains and burdens of life. It is like an anodyne to one in pain; it brings no cure, but it brings a delicious forgetfulness. There are other souls whose bane is spiritual laziness. They would be glad to "sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss," but they have no inclination to fight their way thither; they enjoy fondling their own aspirations as the father likes to play a little while with his baby before the serious business of the day begins; but they have neither the courage to fight evil in others nor the resolution to fight evil in themselves. The doctrine that there is no evil to be fought, that there is no higher virtue demanded of us than fondling our own aspirations, that to dream of goodness is to be good, that to meditate on God as love is to conquer sin, comes to such dreamers as a welcome relief from the summons of reformers without and of conscience within to a strenuous life. The attractiveness of Christian Science is not in its prescription for physical disease; it is in the opiate which it furnishes to the troubled sympathies and the troubled consciences of the sensitive and the sentimental.

For half a century at least the doctors have been treating man as a physical machine and disease as a physical disorder, and have been prescribing drugs as the only remedy. Christian Science

as a method of medicine is a natural reaction against the materialism of medical science. For nearly half a century the pulpit has been emphasizing the love of God, and saying little about his righteousness; the apotheosis of humanity which American democracy borrowed from Rousseau the American pulpit has caught from democracy; in its reaction against the legalism of the older Puritanism it has been comparatively silent about the laws of God and the reality and terribleness of the spirit of lawlessness. Christian Science offers a further opiate to a public conscience which needs not to be lulled to sleep but aroused to action. The remedy for Christian Science is not in a direct attack, but in portraying the reality and terribleness of sin in society and in the individual, in summoning the soul to a successful battle against it, and, by a rational doctrine of the divine presence, inspiring a stronger, more reasonable, and more spiritual hope of redemption than Christian Science can ever inspire by calling on us to shut our eyes to the facts of life while it cries out concerning sin, It is naught, it is naught.



The Spectator

Blessed are the men and women of fine enthusiasms! A materialistic age cannot wither them, nor the world's custom of slamming doors in their faces rob them of their infinite courage. They are as a fresh breeze on a summer day, and while sometimes they blow a little too hard, they keep us thereby from stagnation and pessimism and inertia the while we are holding on our hats and wondering how long it will last. Such are the seers who build Utopias, and Icarias, and Altrurias, and set the world a-thinking and a-moving. They do not become disheartened, like the rest of us, when their plans fail, but go to work again and make other and finer and better ones. Their faith and hope prophesy their eventual triumph, even if they have to wait a long time to see the dawning of the day they so eagerly and confidently expect.



These reflections are the result of a twenty-cent luncheon. If they are not

worth their cost, that must be put to the discredit of the Spectator and not of the luncheon. It may possibly seem strange to associate an enthusiasm for ideals with a cheap lunch-room; but stranger juxtapositions happen in this kaleidoscopic world. If the shortest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, as Mr. Beecher used to say, why should not the reformer open an eating-house instead of hiring a lecture-hall? At any rate, that is what these New York reformers have done.



Perhaps the Straight Edge people would not care to be called reformers. They really seem to be just trying to live in a sensible, simple way, doing their duty as it comes to them, and not making much fuss about it, even if they do print a paper. Their enthusiasm for the co-operative life is of the quiet and unobtrusive sort. Nevertheless, they are reformers. They are seeking to live in a wholesomer, better way than the grasping, selfishly strenuous world's people. And one of the first of their reforms is in the matter of food. "Nothing that ever squealed" is the motto on their bill of fare; and squealing apparently means also squawking, bleating, and lowing. The Spectator is willing to admit that a vegetarian luncheon is probably a good thing for most of us. Not, perhaps, if one is dreadfully hungry. There are times when only a porterhouse steak will fill the void and make one believe in the essential goodness of things; but as a general thing Americans are meat-surfeited, especially in summer; and a mid-day meal of good home-made bread, well-cooked potatoes, corn, tomatoes, and fresh fruit is calculated to make one "see straight and think clear." Then, too, these new co-operationists meet the common objection that a man generally goes away hungry from a vegetarian restaurant by the reassuring suggestion, "Pass up your plate a second time if you are not satisfied."



But it was the quality of the "help" that most pleased the Spectator in his visit to the new community. In the average restaurant one expects either servility or indifference from the waiter. The attitude of servility comes when there is a prospect

of a liberal tip; that of indifference or impertinence when there is reason to think that this will not be forthcoming. Here there was neither attitude. Pleasant-voiced, refined-looking girls were doing the work of supplying their guests with food, in something of the spirit in which the Master must have waited on his disciples; with a simple, quiet dignity that made one think that these waitresses must have well in mind Herbert's lines,

Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

The Spectator learned that occasionally an impatient patron failed to appreciate the character of the service he was receiving and spoke inconsiderately to these young ladies, and that the offender was then pleasantly reminded that the co-operative spirit did not require or permit that kind of speech. Individual initiative, suggestion kindly worded and willingly received, and not "bossism," is the plan of work among the Straight Edgers.

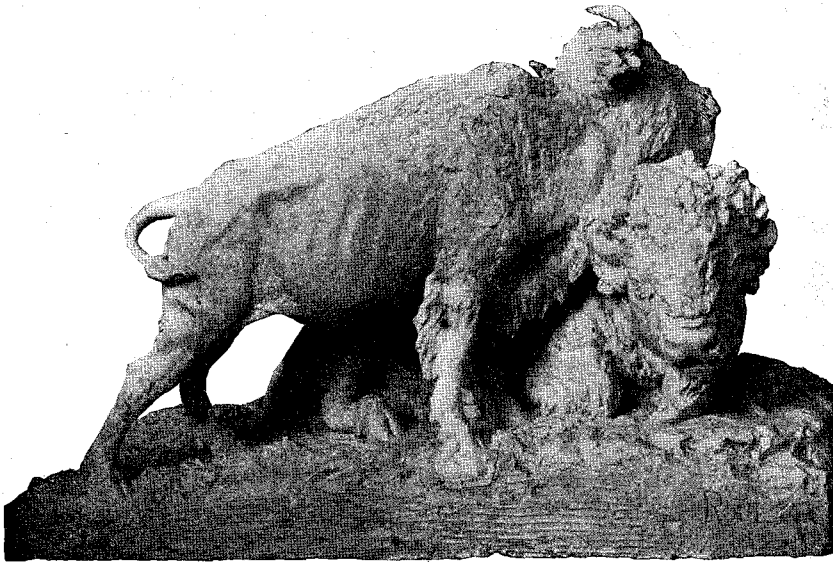


The genial Straight Edge printer was at work at his case in the room next the restaurant. He was a kindly-looking man, with honest, straightforward eyes and a bronzed, collarless throat as his most conspicuous features; perhaps the kind of printer that Walt Whitman was in those early days in the sleepy Brooklyn printing-office before he went on the road to see the world and get material for "Leaves of Grass." One could imagine that this Straight Edge man had a large fund of patience and forbearance to draw on, and would need much of it if he remained the head—no, the nucleus around which these co-operative workers had gathered. The Straight Edge motto is, "The application of the Teachings of Jesus to Business and Society." The Spectator asked the kindly printer man whether this meant accepting the Tolstoi interpretation of the non-resistance precepts. "Not exactly," was the reply; "it means that we must get along smoothly if possible. You know some great fighters don't believe in violence. Look at our politicians, for instance; they don't fight with clubs; they use diplomacy, the soft hand; and they generally accomplish their ends better than the men of violence. Then, too, we

believe in following the example of Jesus by being ourselves. If Jesus were here to-day, he would live his own life in his own way, act out his individuality through the methods best suited to his present surroundings. This we are trying to do. The teachings of Jesus to us are embodied in the precept, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"



The world, alas! has been trying and failing to live up to that precept for nineteen centuries and part of the twentieth. Is it possible that this new co-operative society can make an ethical precept exercise the cohering power of sentiments such as have held together the religious societies of the past? Can the Straight Edgers escape the difficulty of the usual co-operative scheme in the lack of a binding motive? Sweet is the idea of harmony and love and common work for a common end, and alluring is the vision that leads one to enter these societies. The test comes when we find that we are doing the hard work and that our neighbor co-operator is a shirk—and this in an age that is but faintly affected by the thought of a Great Assize in which all industrious workers are to be rewarded and all idlers are to get their deserts, an age when an objective heaven in the future does not make the appeal that it did to the monkish co-operators. And when the inevitable moment comes when we get dissatisfied with some of our companions, there is lack of an overruling authority, within us or without, to compel us to make the best of our grievances and stay. The bright dreams of most of the co-operationists are sooner or later dispelled by the untractableness of human nature and the allurements of the ordinary human world. But the Spectator thinks that while this is true, nevertheless these co-operative experiments pay while they last; that even if they do inevitably break up in the end, they furnish their own excuse for being in the genuine happiness they bring during their golden prime to the few choice spirits who really appreciate them. And thinking thus, the Spectator is glad that the Straight Edge has helped to touch New York's materialism with a ray of idealistic light.



RESTING BUFFALOES

By T. G. Roth.

The Spirit of the New World as Interpreted by the Pan-American Exposition

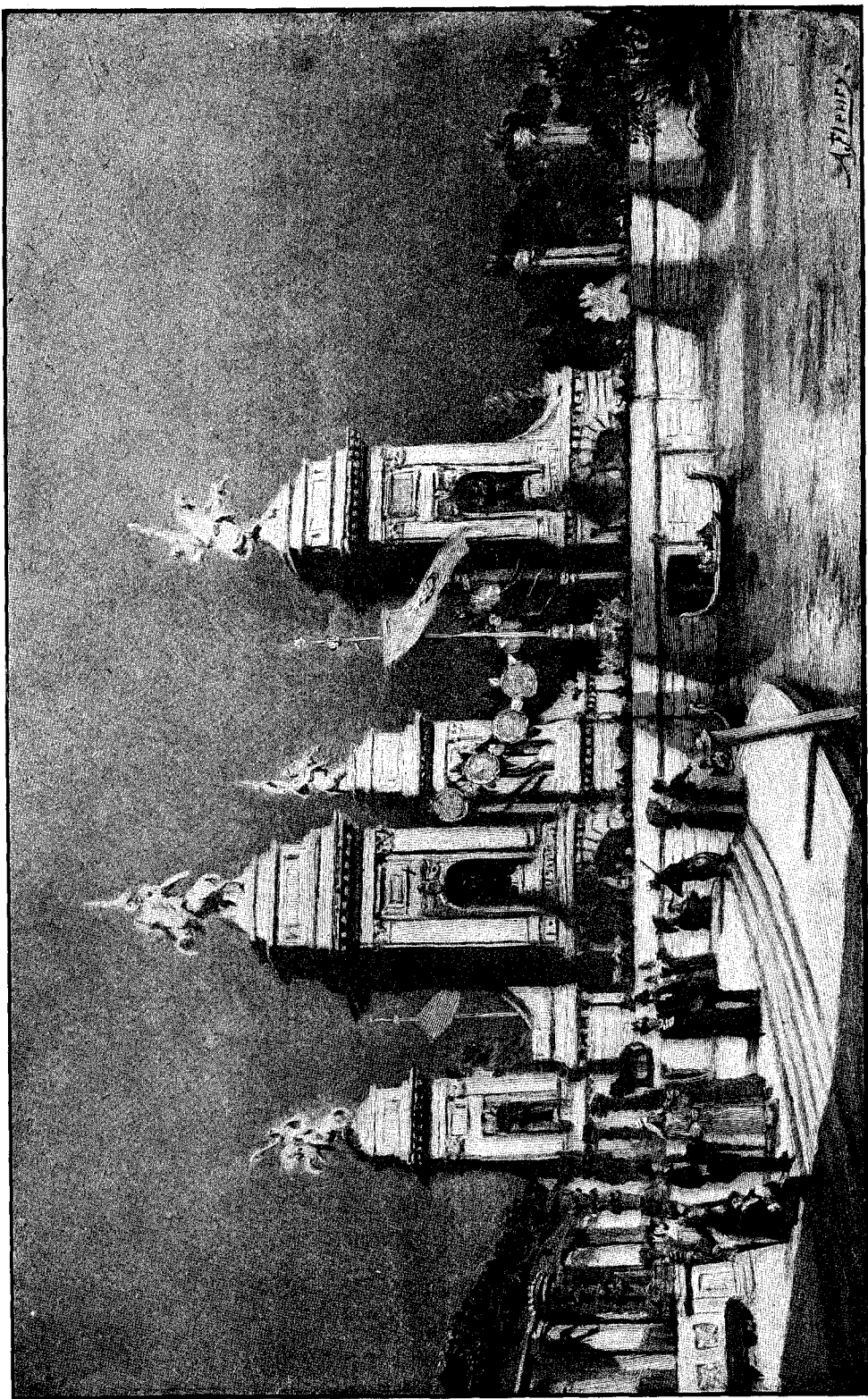
BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Illustrated with drawings by A. Fleury and photographs by C. D. Arnold

TO one who takes with him the memories of other great fairs the first impressions conveyed by the Pan-American Exposition are unity, harmony, and lightness. Years ago, before we had studied our own skies and knew our own architecture, the effect would have been called foreign; it is, in fact, significantly American. There are traces of Europe in it, as there are always traces of the past in every form of art and industry; for civilization is not national but racial, and each age builds for every age which succeeds it, and every people contributes something of its own making to the sum total of influences, institutions, and products of many kinds which we call civilization. The New World is not a new creation of a new race; it is the product of ancient races working out the problem of

life in a fresh field. As the individual touch of the man of creative spirit on old materials produces the new work of art, so the striving of individual races with novel conditions modifies their ancient inheritances and fashions a new order of art and life.

The Pan-American discloses this readjustment of old races to a fresh environment; this adaptation of ancient arts to the nature, the skies, the atmosphere of a new world. The older civilization lies behind the Pan-American, and gives it a rich and universal historical significance; but it is essentially an American creation. The word American has never received, however, a broader or deeper interpretation; and the thoughtful visitor will find in the beautiful unity of the Exposition a parable which Americans of English



THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE



THE FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE

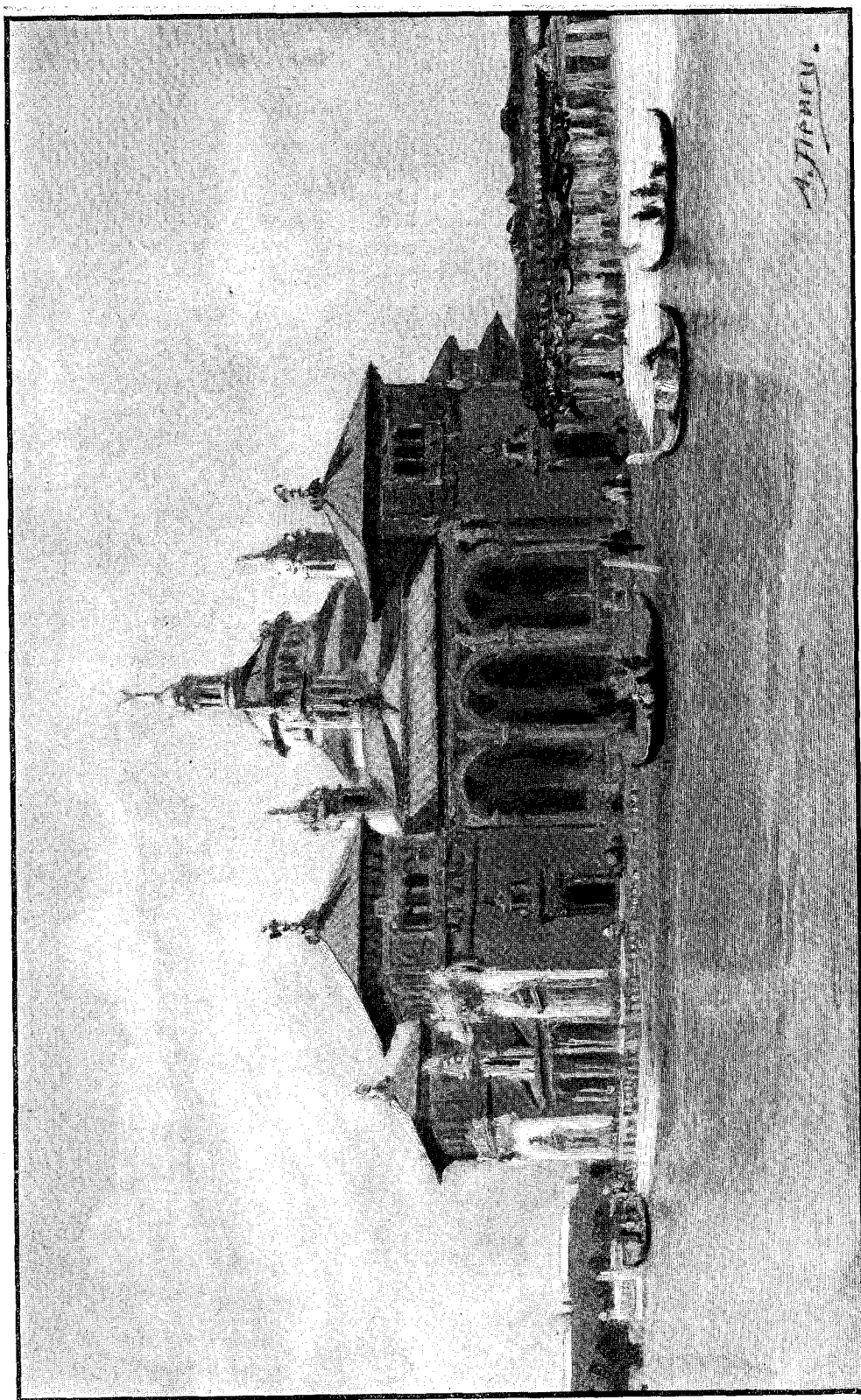
By Philip Martiny

descent will do well to study. The Exposition is American in broad and friendly contrast with all that is European; it is an exposition of the arts, industries, and life of the New World from the furthest north to the furthest south; it is a record of the spiritual history of the early native races, of the English, the Scotch, the Irish in Canada and the United States, of the French, the Spanish, the Portuguese in Central and South America. These races, in their racial integrity or in their long mingling with one another, are the builders of the Pan-American Exposition; it is the work of their hands, and it is, therefore, a revelation of their spirit.

The shaping idea of the Exposition has

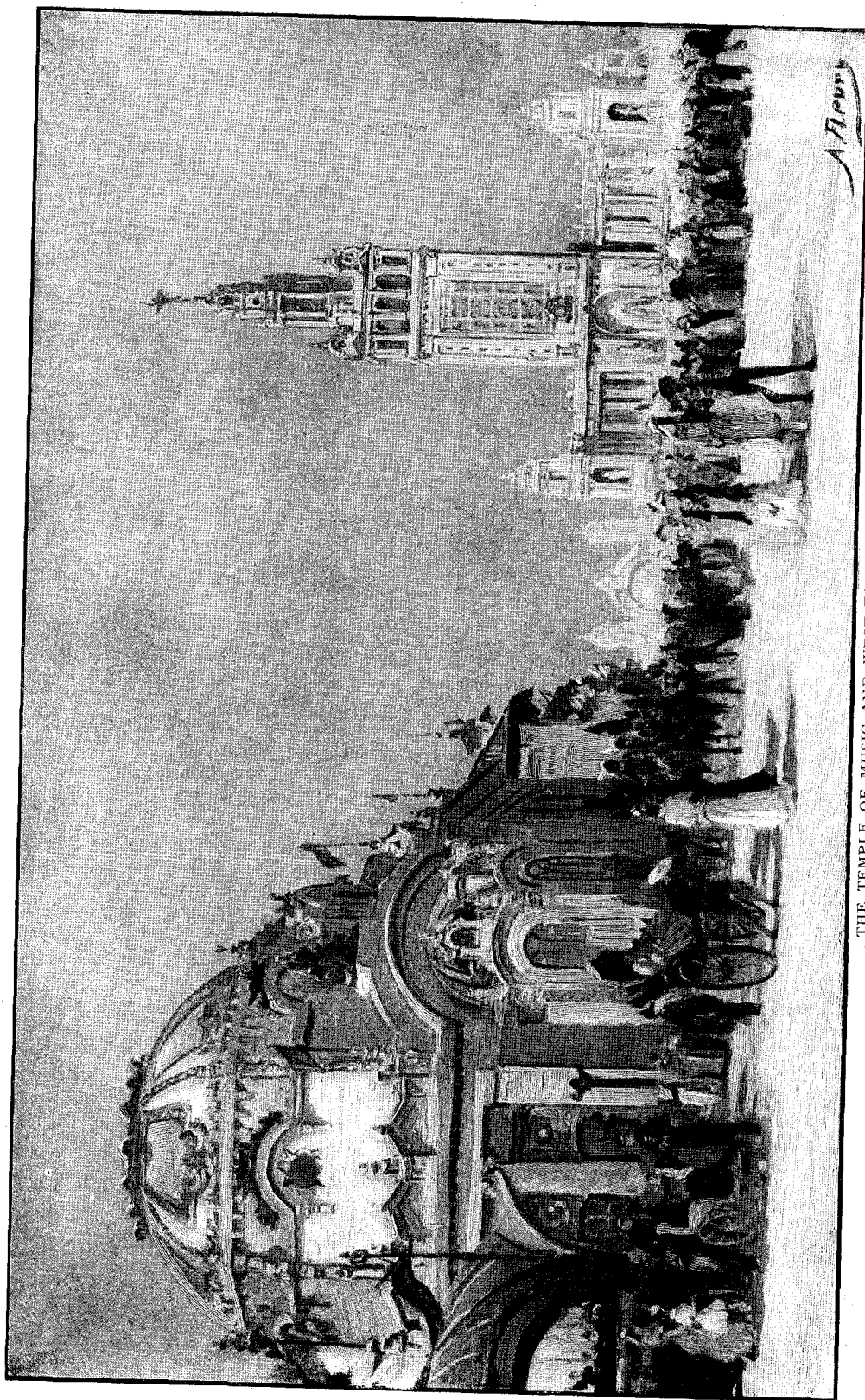
been admirably stated by its President, Mr. John G. Milburn, in these significant words:

So much could not have been accomplished but for the association of the Exposition with a grand idea—the bringing closer together of the peoples of this hemisphere in their social, political, and commercial relations. That aspect of it has been the inspiration of the enterprise and the source of the enthusiasm which has carried it forward to completion. It is assured of permanent results in the new and closer ties of amity, interest, and sympathy between those peoples which are bound to spring from it and to stamp it as an historical event. And in it is the fairest promise that the hope will be realized so nobly expressed in the inscription on the Propylæa, “that the century now begun may unite in the bonds of peace, knowledge, good will, friendship, and



THE MINES BUILDING AND MIRROR LAKE

Drawn by A. Fleury



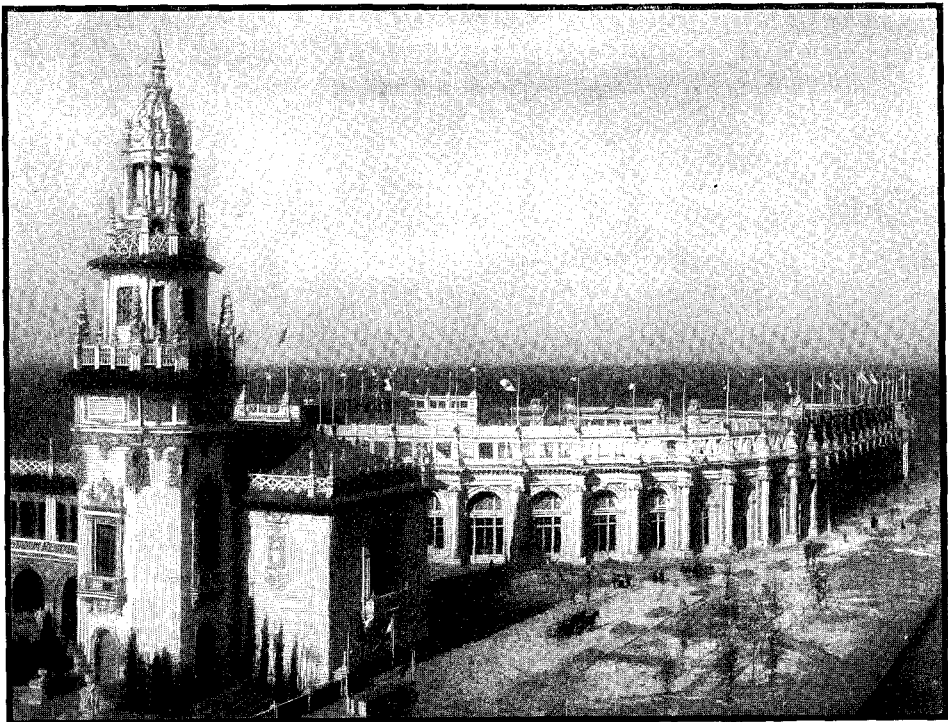
THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND WEST ESPLANADE
Drawn by A. Fleury.

noble emulation all the dwellers on the continents and islands of the New World."

The setting of the Exposition could hardly be more attractive or the approach to it more beautiful. Buffalo is not only one of the most comfortable cities in the country in the summer, but it is also one of the most finished and restful. The section given up to homes is not without architectural monstrosities—no modern city here or abroad is free from abominations of this kind; but its broad avenues shaded with trees of substantial growth and girth, its commodious and amply planned homes surrounded by generous lawns, the ripeness of nature enfolding a highly civilized life, give the city a first place among American towns. So rich is the foliage on Delaware Avenue and the neighboring streets for several miles that one finds himself in the Park without any sense of abrupt transition.

The Exposition ought to be approached, for the first time at least, through the drives or walks of the Park, which bring one to the lake, where a steam launch conveys the visitor swiftly to the main entrance to the grounds. As the little

craft rounds the first point of dense foliage, high above the great mass of green in the foreground rise the striking equestrian figures on the columns of the bridge, full of a noble freedom and energy, the dome of the government building, and the electrical tower. This first glimpse of the Exposition strikes the keynote of grace, lightness, and harmony; the striking figures against the clear sky and the blue of the domes give one a sense of elation, as if something ethereal and magical were at hand. The first view of the grounds reveals the simplicity and symmetry of the structural scheme, and conveys at the outset its deeper significance; for it is in the whole, as it unifies and co-ordinates the parts, that the meaning of the Exposition is to be sought. There are almost countless exhibits of products, industries, methods, and inventions; the means, tools, and appliances of an immensely diversified industrial and commercial life; and there is a vast amount of that incidental advertising which is as old as the oldest fair in the Orient; but there is no hint of utility detached from beauty, of commercialism divorced from altruism, of industry divided



THE STADIUM, FROM THE ELECTRIC TOWER

Photograph by C. D. Arnold.



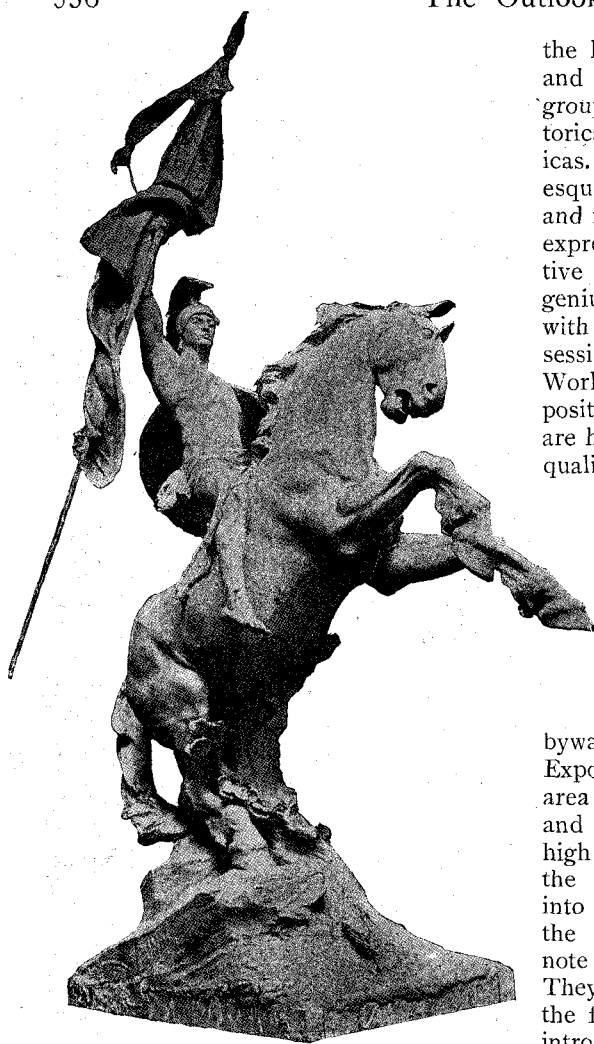
THE APPROACH TO THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE

Photograph by C. D. Arnold.

from art, in the ordered harmony of the structure of the Exposition; that shares in and recalls the higher activities of humanity among all races; it may be regarded as a symbol of the co-ordination of interests in this country in some future when we shall have worked through the distinctively commercial stage into something higher and more inclusive.

The Exposition is, fortunately, much more compact than its predecessors, and permits, therefore, the working out of a unity which is grasped at a glance. The noble causeway, flanked by great towers with rich shields swinging between, prepares the eye for the long vista of the Court of Fountains closed by the tower, from which a stream gushes as if to feed all the rising and falling masses of water,

touched by the sun with a beauty which lives in the subtle commingling of light and spray, and vanishes to be rekindled moment by moment in endless variety of gathering, dispersing, and foaming loveliness. From this great vista what may be called transepts expand the foreground on either side, with rich masses of flowers breaking the long distances. The landscape effects are skillfully produced, and give the buildings a charming setting of verdure and color. The Paris Exposition of 1888 was larger but far less effective as a whole; the Exposition in the same city last summer was so vast and so widely scattered on both sides of the Seine that artistic unity was impossible of achievement; it was a vast aggregation of exhibits, housed in a great number of buildings,



THE STANDARD-BEARER

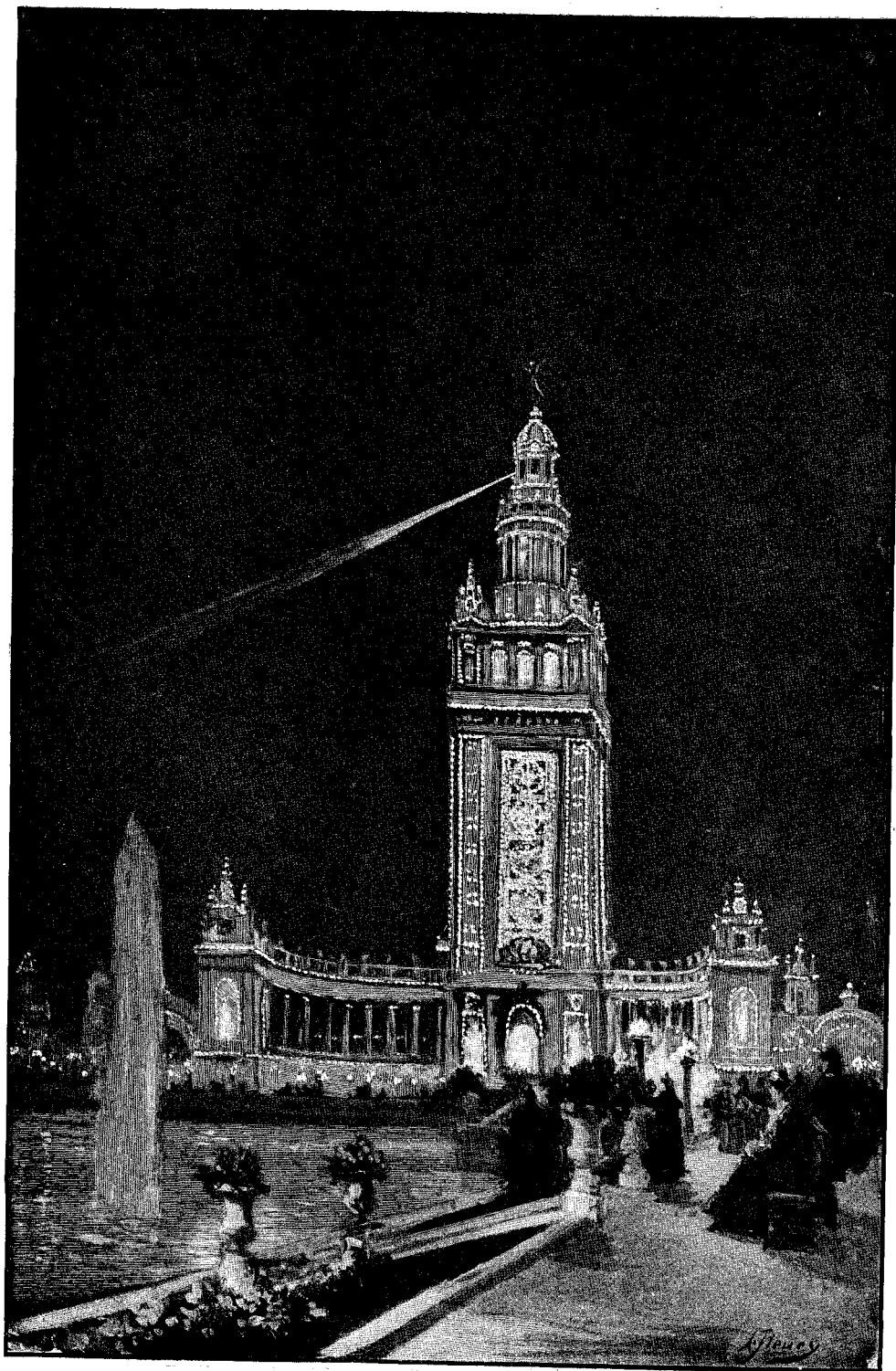
By Karl Bitter

some of great architectural beauty and others of great architectural ugliness; the Chicago Fair was much more extensive, and presented the same harmony and unity of design. The Buffalo Exposition adds to the charm of order and grace the beauty of color.

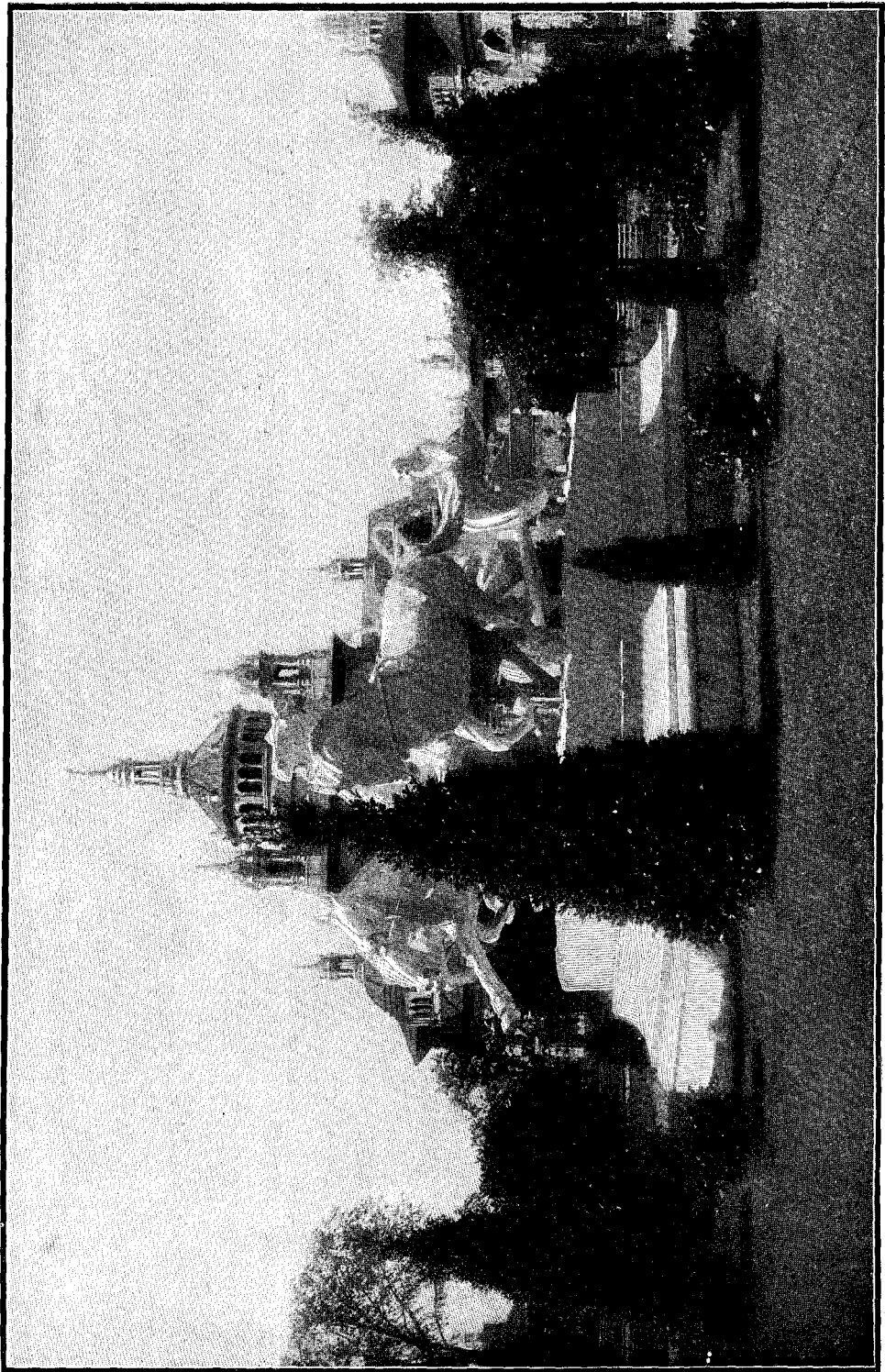
The executive genius of the Anglo-Saxon element organized the Exposition, but this clear handling of many diverse elements so as to secure an impression of wholeness is wrought out in forms and colors of Latin origin. In selecting the Spanish-American architecture as the norm of the scheme, the directors and managers were guided by a very happy instinct. They chose the oldest order of building known to the New World in

the history of the European races here; and thus, at the first glance, the whole group suggests to the observer the historical continuity of life in the Americas. They selected also the most picturesque type of building on the continent, and in reproducing it on so great a scale expressed the indebtedness of the executive Anglo-Saxon genius to the artistic genius of the Latin peoples who share with the English-speaking peoples the possession and the destinies of the New World. In the very structure of the Exposition the two great families of races are happily united in their characteristic qualities, and the harmony of their interests is nobly symbolized.

The first glance over the grounds discloses the simplicity and unity of the structural plan, but the symmetry of the scheme and the skill with which it has been worked out in detail become clear only upon more intimate acquaintance with the highways, byways, and out-of-the-way places of the Exposition. One must traverse the great area from boundary to boundary by land and by water to get a clear idea of the high degree of forethought with which the many-sided fair has been shaped into a whole. The entrance through the Park very happily strikes the keynote of the setting of the buildings. They are beautifully framed by nature; the features of the Park being skillfully introduced by a prodigal use of flowers, of green spaces, and of still and moving water. The Court of Fountains has a look of fairyland about it, not only by reason of the picturesque and harmonious architectural lines which mark its limits, but also by reason of the beauty of plashing water and rich masses of flowers. Through the great space occupied by the Exposition, lagoons make a continuous waterway, and by the noiseless movement of the gondola one is carried swiftly and restfully around the entire circuit; passing under arched bridges, between green or flower-crowned banks, through a grotto of very deceptive length; with charming architectural effects, picturesque views, bits of lovely color, glimpses of plashing fountains continually coming into view and as suddenly replaced by other vistas, pictures, and



THE ELECTRIC TOWER
Drawn by A. Fleury.



THE ROMAN CHARIOTEER AT THE ELMWOOD GATE

changing outlooks. Such a journey has never before been possible on this continent; and if one has the right kind of a memory with him and an active imagination, this little voyage is a true voyage of exploration and discovery—one of those adventures of mind which enlarge the territory of one's thought and enrich the treasure-house of one's significant recollections. This voyage, which carries one around the houses in which the industries of every kind are stored, suggests the completeness with which our Days enfold our Works, to recall the fine conception of one of Emerson's most characteristic essays, and renews the faith that in some happier time industry will again bear the touch of art.

At night this voyage takes one into enchanted countries; never before has a city lived a second and more beautiful life in rivalry with the stars. By day the Exposition, although beautiful, presents everywhere the evidences and the products of the work of the New World; the tremendous toil by which, within the brief space of a little more than three centuries, it has made a continental wilderness its home; but when night falls, a veil descends on the world of work, and in its place there rises a world of beauty. To see that wonderful transformation one must be standing at the appointed hour behind the Electrical Tower, with a gondola waiting at the stairs. The stir of the day has given place to a vast and vague silence; the restless activities, which were expressed not only by the crowds but by the inanimate things at which they looked, are at an end; there are groups of people scattered about the Court, but the vast space is pervaded by repose and stillness. Outlines are growing dim, the distances are full of shadows, the great Exposition is fading from the view.

Suddenly a soft rosy light seems to diffuse itself through space, as if another and more mysterious day were about to dawn. This subdued color, hardly luminous enough to suggest light, slowly

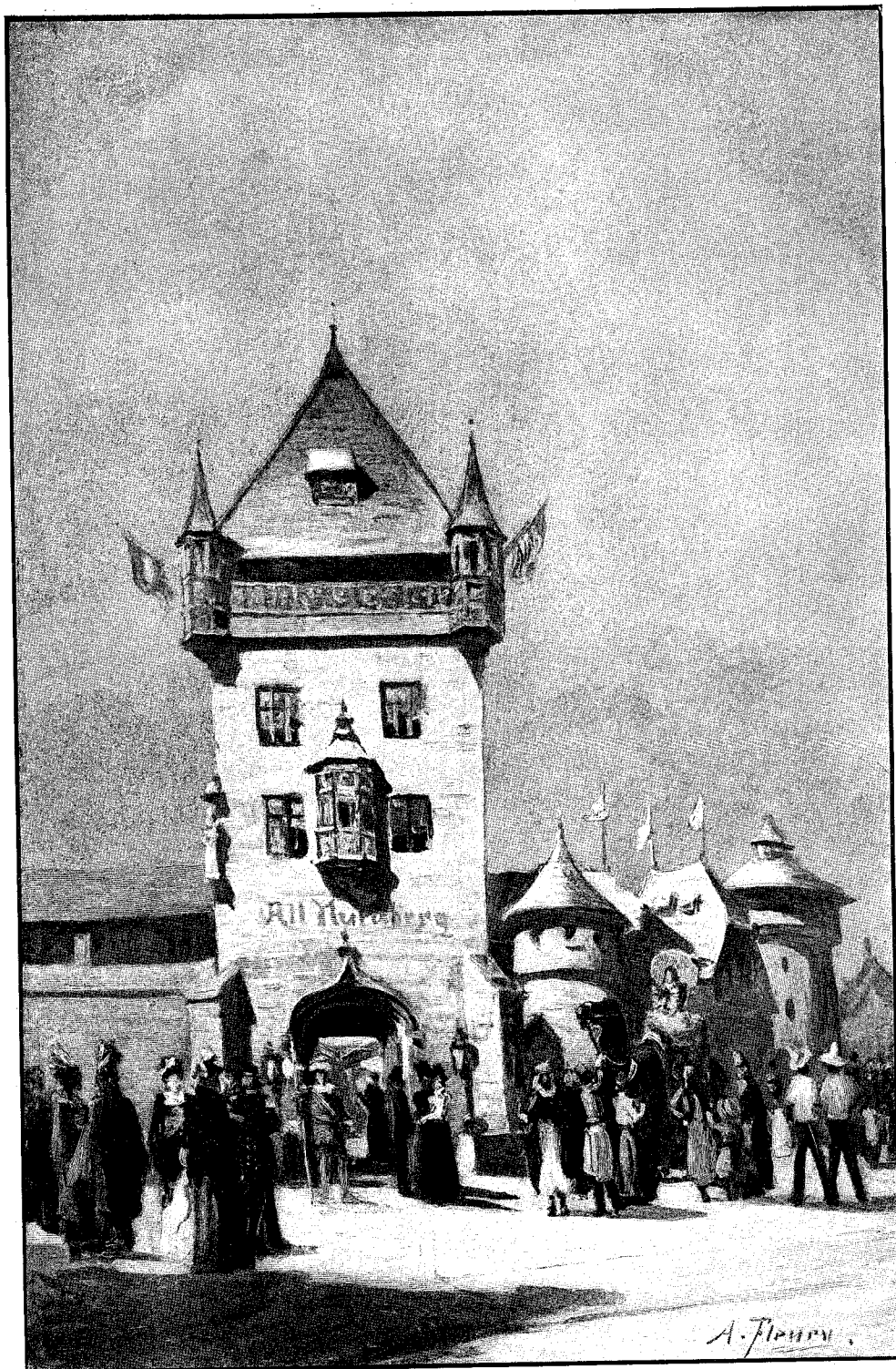
brightens, clears, grows definite in line, glows more radiantly against the dusky background of night, until, as if by magic, a city of light rises from the earth and lifts itself as if to claim fellowship with the stars. Every building is outlined in fire, every column, capital, tower, and pinnacle disclosing its symmetry and revealing its harmony by a flash of lightning which has been arrested, held, diffused, and transformed out of a devastating force into a luminous atmosphere. No words can convey the loveliness of that dawning of the city out of darkness into flashing

lines of light; and he must be dull of imagination to whom the voyage around the grounds by the light streaming from the silent palaces of industry does not bring something of enchantment. It is a true Fairyland of science through which one moves; a marvel more wonderful than any that was wrought by the rubbing of the genie's lamp; and it is a real voyage of enchantment which is lighted by these long lines or glowing clusters of tiny lamps. Here again one gets a glimpse of the constructive genius which gave the Exposition shape and order, and of its deep symbolism. For the waters in the lagoons have been brought from the lake of which Buffalo is the chief port, and the electricity which outlines the Exposition in fire has been generated by the tremendous power of Niagara twenty miles away. So deeply and vitally has the Exposition been

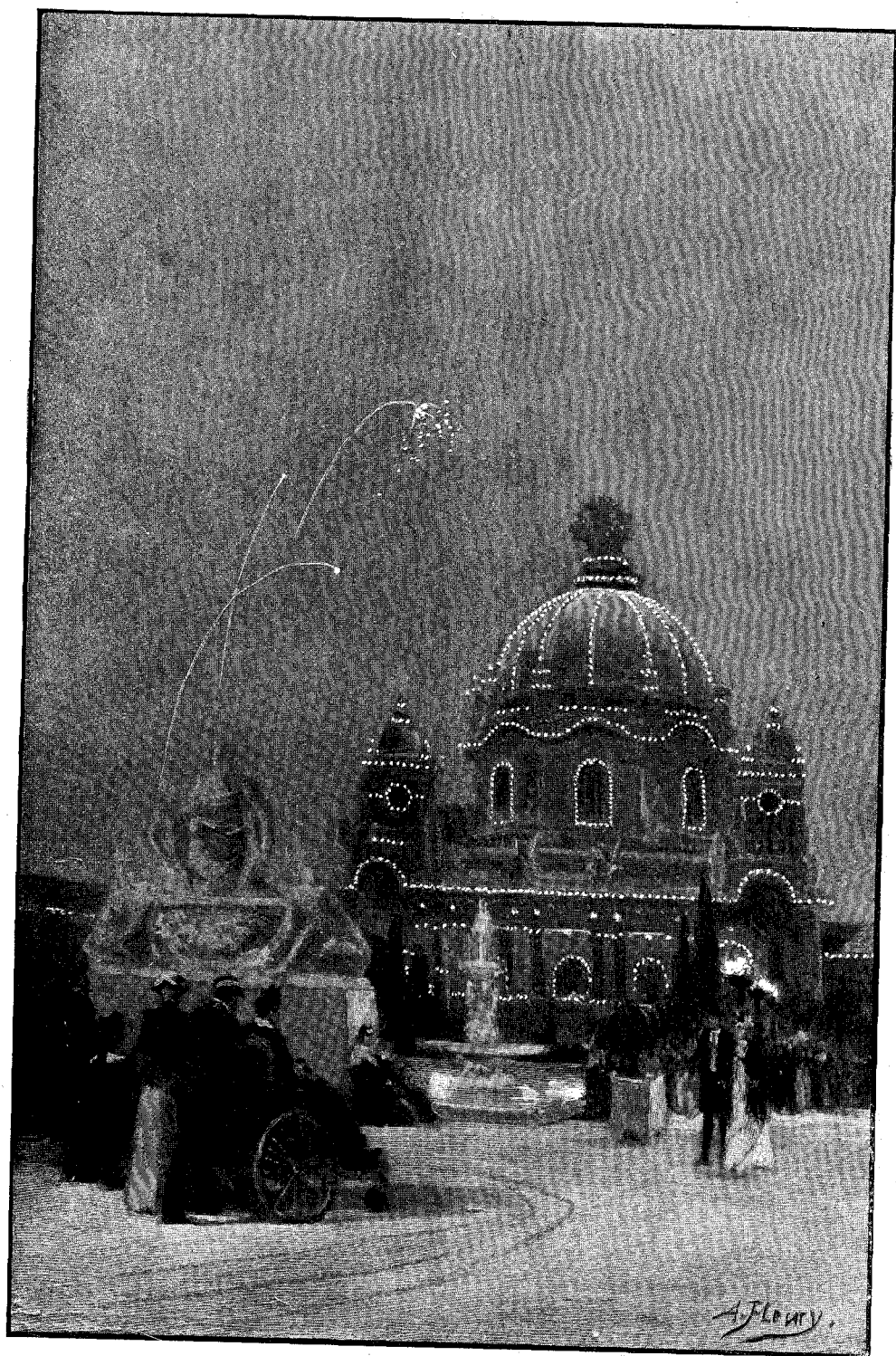


PEACE AND PLENTY
By M. W. Schwarzott.

related to the world of nature, so marvelously has nature been drawn upon to enrich it with the beauty of foaming or silent waters, and the glow and splendor of illimitable light! He who is borne onward under bridges and along quiet waterways, with palaces on every hand glowing with magical beauty, sees behind the visible loveliness of the foreground the blue background of the great lake, and hears afar the roar of the vast currents breaking into foam in the awful basin of the river, and rushing thence towards the tumult of the whirlpool and the gorge, through which crested and

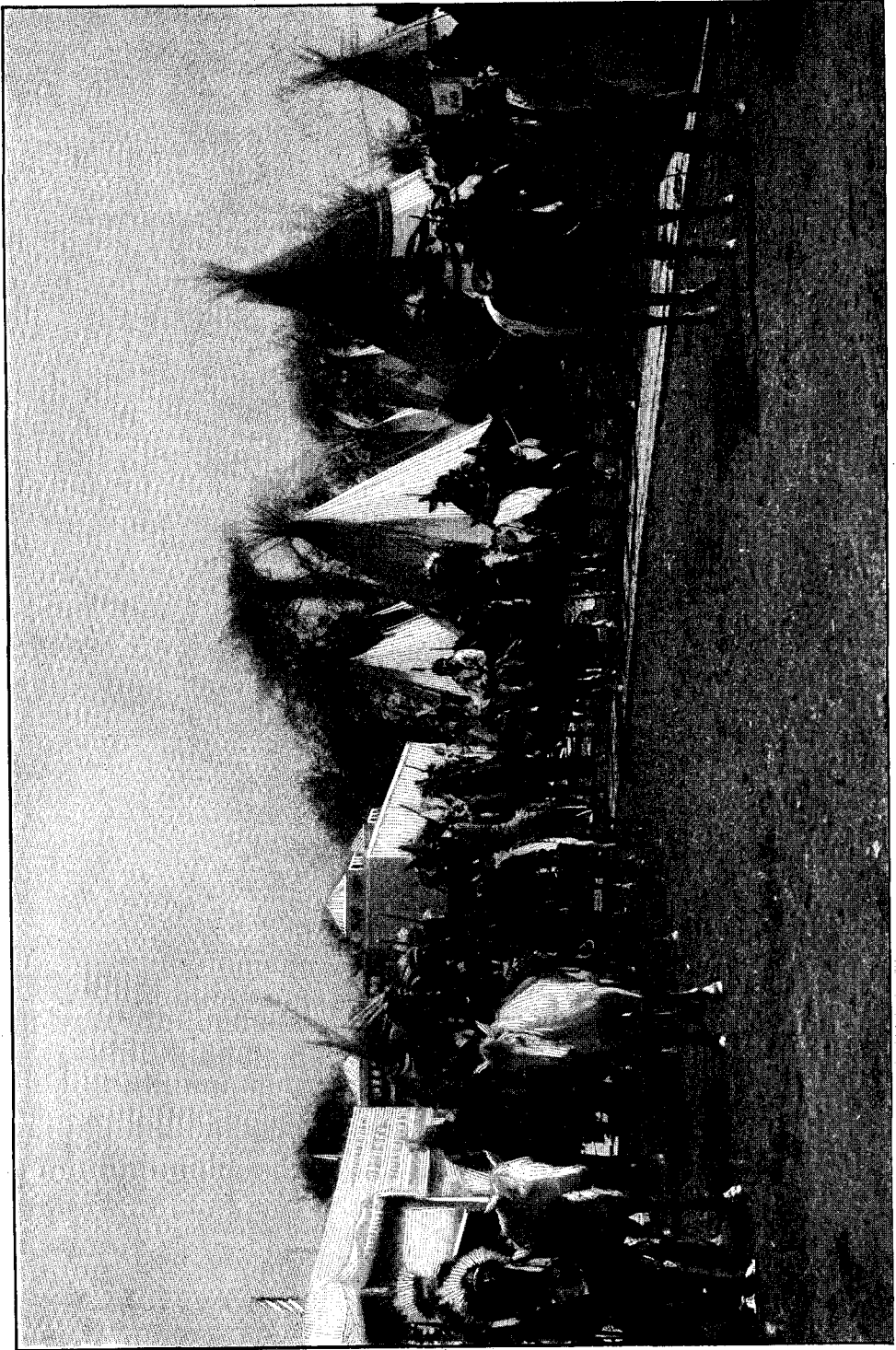


ALT NÜRNBERG, IN THE HEART OF THE MIDWAY
Drawn by A. Fleury.

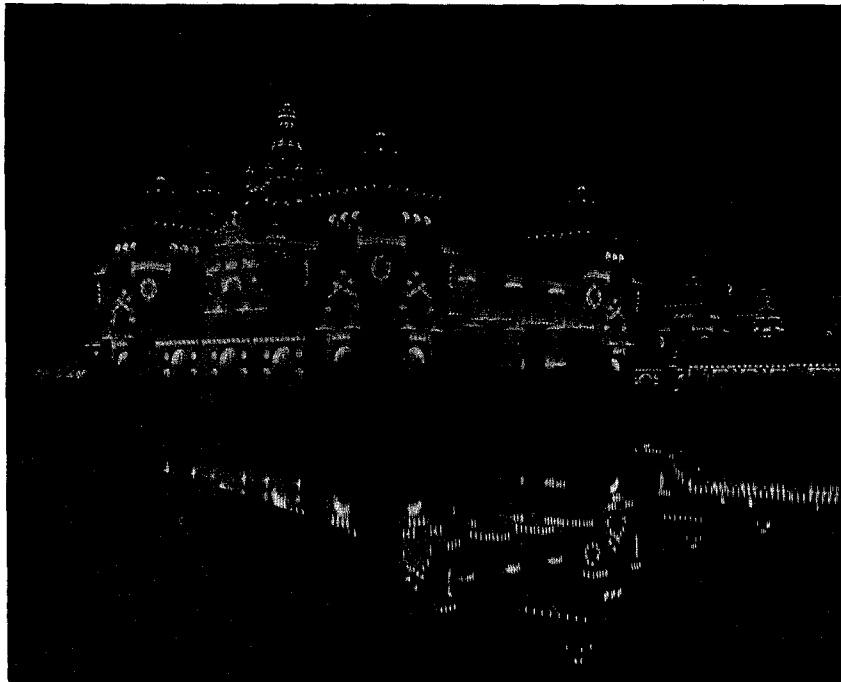
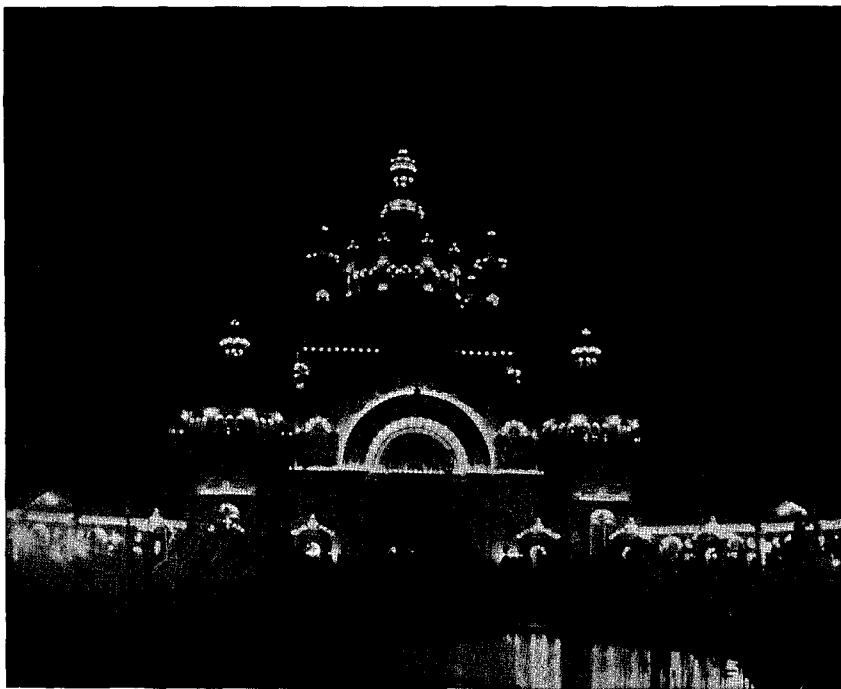


THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT NIGHT

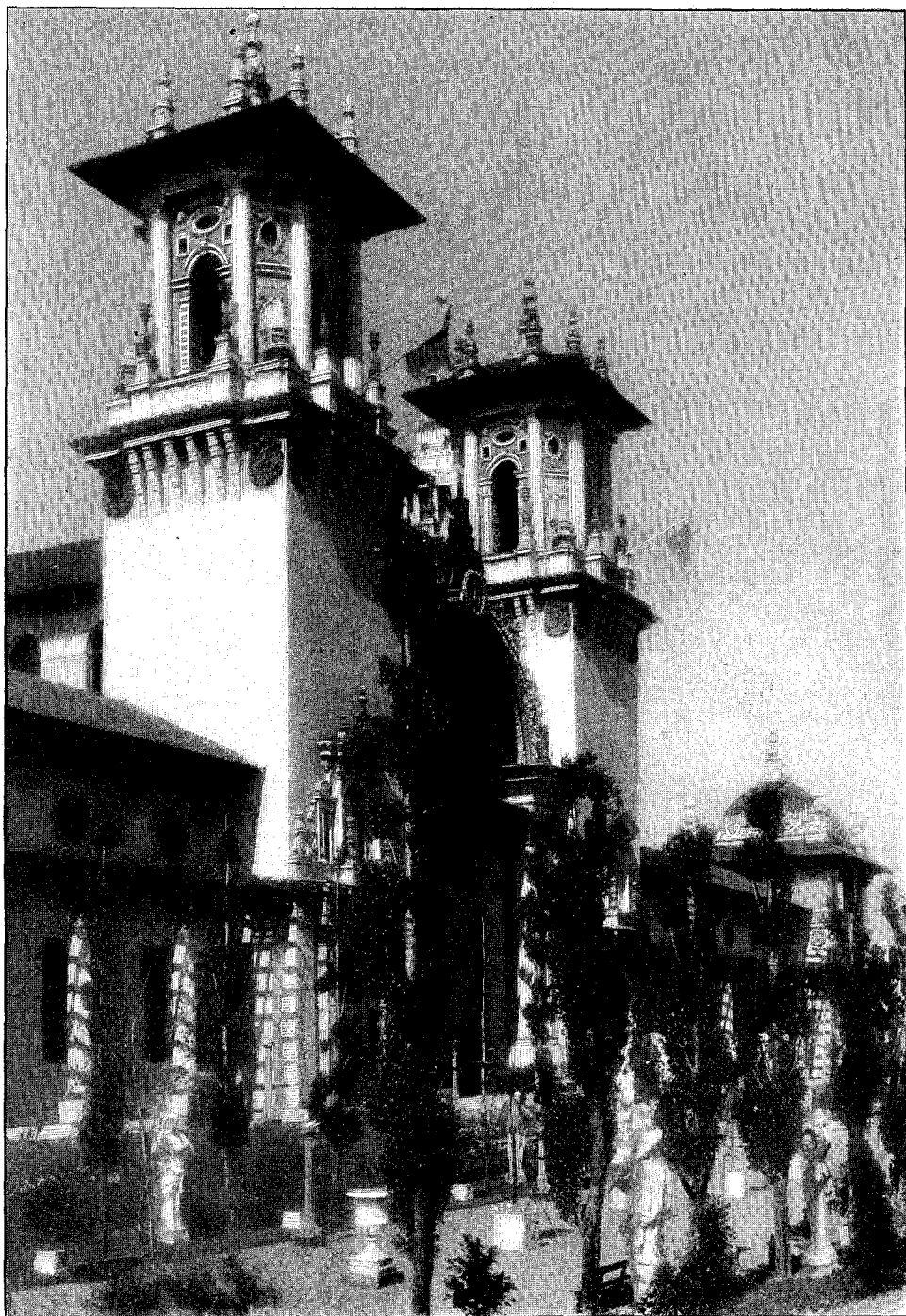
Drawn by A. Fleury.



READY FOR THE SHAM BATTLE
In the Indian Congress of Forty-two Tribes.



THE HORTICULTURAL AND ELECTRICITY BUILDINGS



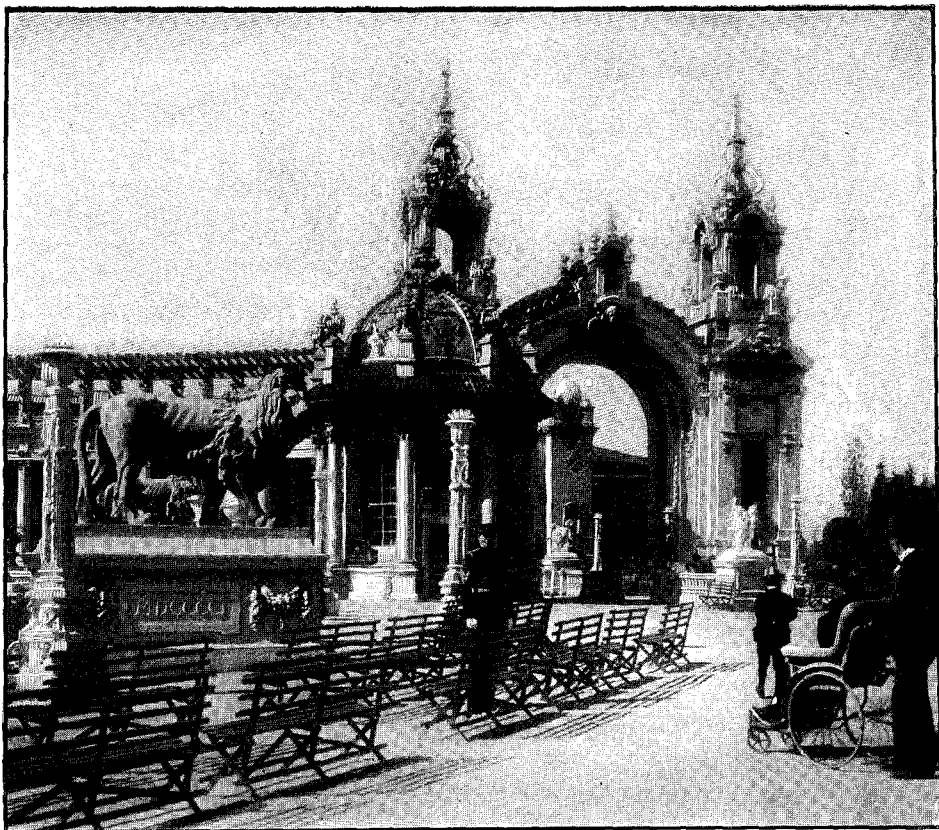
THE FAÇADE OF THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING, FROM THE MALL

Photograph by C. D. Arnold.

crowding waves chase one another in endless succession. And again one dreams of the time when power and use shall wear the shape of beauty, and the vast forces which have come into human service shall not only lessen its toil but light its ways!

The great fairs held in this country have not only marked its material progress, but have been points of departure in its education. The Centennial Fair, held in Philadelphia in 1876, was a revelation to hosts of people of the richness of the older civilization and of the possibilities of beauty in the utilities of daily life. That Fair brought the Old to the New World, and made Americans aware how much the older countries had to teach and to give the youngest of the family of nations. The Columbian Fair, which commemorated the discovery of the continent and was possible of achievement, on so vast a scale, only in a city like Chicago, where civic pride and the sense of individual responsibility to the community have had so notable a development, was a revelation of ordered beauty of form, structure, and grouping. In the presence of the White City it seemed as if the Greek had reappeared to give impulse and suggestion to a people full of racial energy and eager to possess the best. On the shore of Lake Michigan the continuity of history, the unbroken co-working of the races for the race, was symbolized and taught with a simplicity, a directness, and a nobility of expression which touched first the imagination of the Central West, and later diffused its subtle and searching influence through the whole country. An aggressive city, throbbing with the most vital life of trade, had shown a rare intelligence in commissioning a group of the foremost architects, artists, and sculptors to manage what promised to be a vast commercial enterprise, but which, through insight, vision, skill, and beauty, became a beautiful and impressive revelation of the loveliness and significance of art. The White City is only a memory, but it is one of those memories which fertilize the imagination and bear the fruit of a finer life over the whole range of the continent. The Pan-American Exposition comes logically after the celebration of Discovery and Independence. In the

order of time the individuality of a nation must be developed before it can recognize its relations to other nations; in the order of time nations must come to a high degree of self-realization before they are able to discern clearly the inheritances, duties, responsibilities, and works which unite them beneath all the diversities of their gifts and their activities. We have commemorated the glow of that fire which announced to the discoverer from the Old World that a New World lay behind the mysterious seas; we have celebrated our coming of age and assumption of the dignity and responsibility of a nation; at Buffalo we take account of the achievement of the race on the fresh soil, and, looking at its works, become aware of the essential unity of its life and the growing harmony of its interests. When we recalled the hour of Discovery, Greece stood behind us, as she stands behind every modern people, to disclose to our young eyes the beauty of a completely developed architecture, so noble in form that it needs no varying emphasis of color; now that we are taking account of what we have done in our own world, and striking hands with all the working races on the continent, we have instinctively housed our machines, tools, products, and inventions by the aid of the oldest and most picturesque architecture in use in the New World. The Spanish Renaissance, modified to meet the needs of a new climate and landscape, is notable, not for space nor elevation nor beauty of detail, but for harmonious lines, broad effects, and a use of balconies, towers, pinnacles, and loggias which gives richness and apparent depth to color. Red, blue, green, and gold are boldly and even lavishly evoked to secure warmth, brightness, and that Occidental brilliancy to which our skies are so much akin. These colors, which are used in a symbolic order to suggest the struggle of men with the elements in their long endeavor to subdue the continent and turn its forces to fruitful uses, are graduated from the heavy reds of the pergolas, where the Triumphal Causeway merges into the central Court, to the cream white of the central tower. If there is a touch of the fanciful in this endeavor to suggest the evolution of man by means of a scheme of color, the



THE EAST ARCH OF THE PROPYLÆA

Photograph by C. D. Arnold.

general effect is rich and striking, and the eye which loves color finds delight in the warm tones modulated over a great space with a harmonious sense of values. Chromatic effects of great beauty are secured in the handling of the ornamental detail of the entrances to some of the buildings.

Neither the architectural nor the color scheme is worked out with uniform success; those buildings are most satisfactory which follow most closely the Spanish order, and those are least artistic which depart from it by the introduction of inharmonious, fanciful, and over-elaborate decoration, recalling some of the artificial and ugly idiosyncrasies which disfigured the Paris Fair last year. These defects are, fortunately, of minor importance and are hardly noted in the general effect.

One of the most effective and striking features of the Exposition is the free and bold use of sculpture, an art in which Americans are showing genius of a very

high order. To comprehend the general scheme of the many groups of figures one must begin at the point from which the color scheme must also be studied, the key-point, so to speak, of the Exposition—the approach to the Triumphal Causeway. From this point on the right and left, vitally related to the buildings which they flank, and interpreting them, the successive groups portray the story of man's struggle with and conquest of the elements; in successive chapters in massive figures, molded in many cases with a noble freedom and power, the conquests of man are interpreted in plastic forms. These groups must be seen in their places in the great court if their vitality and beauty are to be comprehended. They constitute one of the most novel and impressive features of the Exposition, and are likely to be one of its most potential educational influences. More than any other single feature they bring into clear light the unity of plan behind the Expositi-

tion, and record the great and promising advance of art in this country. To see the large groups and the individual figures which face the buildings, the Triumphal Causeway, or stand at points of scenic importance, is ample reward for a long journey.

The three great facts in the history of the Americas which the successive Fairs have commemorated, Discovery, Independence, and Fraternity, sum up in large generalization the spiritual story of the New World. Discovery and Independence are fully accomplished. Fraternity is partly achieved and partly prophetic. Prophecy is, indeed, one of the notes of the Exposition, as must be the case in any endeavor to illustrate and interpret the life of a New World. The achievements commemorated are many and great, but there is an air of expectancy enveloping the whole; an atmosphere which issues out of the depths of a vast, struggling, generous, aspiring life; a life which shows the crudity of freedom but also its tremendous spiritual impulse; a

life which has dealt largely of necessity with materials, but has never been content with them nor rested in them. It is significant that the Chicago and Buffalo Fairs, in depth and unity of artistic conception, hold a place by themselves; nothing so complete and beautiful has been attempted or realized elsewhere. In Paris there was a richness of individual exhibits which the New World cannot command; but in harmony, beauty, lightness, and grace the New World has gone beyond the Old and risen into prophecy. The thousand inventions, machines, appliances, and products which crowd the buildings are the work of its hands, but the Exposition is the work of its spirit. It predicts the spiritual synthesis of the far future; the harmonious adjustment of man to his surroundings in the New World; his victorious accomplishment of his tasks; his escape from the perils, the sorrows, the colossal toils of settling a new continent, into freedom, power, and individuality of culture; beyond the America of Toil it evokes the America of Art.



KRONOS
By F. E. Elwell.

The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter I.—The Open River

THE winter had broken early, and the Scotch River was running ice-free and full from bank to bank. There was still snow in the woods, and with good sleighing and open rivers every day was golden to the lumbermen who had stuff to get down to the big water. A day gained now might save weeks at a chute farther down where the rafts would crowd one another and strive for right of way.

Dan Murphy was mightily pleased with himself and with the bit of the world about him, for there lay his winter's cut of logs in the river below him, snug and secure, and held tight by a boom across the mouth, just where it flowed into the Nation. In a few days he would have his crib made and his outfit ready to start for the Ottawa mills. He was sure to be ahead of the big timber rafts that took up so much space, and whose crews, with unbearable effrontery, considered themselves the aristocrats of the river.

Yes, it was a pleasant and satisfying sight—some three miles of logs boomed at the head of the big water. Suddenly Murphy turned his face up the river.

"What's that now, d'ye think, Le Nware?" he asked.

Le Noir, or "Le Nware," as they called it in that country, was Dan Murphy's foreman, and, as he himself said, "for haxe, for hit [eat], for fight, de boss on de reever Hottawa! by gar!" Louis Le Noir was a French-Canadian, handsome, active, hardy, and powerfully built. He had come from the New Brunswick woods some three years ago, and had wrought and fought his way, as he thought, against all rivals to the proud position of "boss on de reever," the topmost pinnacle of a lumberman's ambition. It was something

to see Le Noir "run a log" across the river and back; that is, he would balance himself upon a floating log, and by spinning it round would send it whither he would.

At Murphy's question Le Noir stood listening with bent head and open mouth. Down the river came the sound of singing. "Don no me! Ah oui! Das Macdonald gang for sure! De men from Glengarrie, les diables! Dey not hout de reever yet."

His boss went off into a volley of oaths.

"They'll be wanting the river now, an' they're divils to fight."

"We give 'em de full belly, heh? Bon!" said Le Noir, throwing back his head. His only unconquered rival on the river was the boss of the Macdonald gang.

*Horo, mo nighean donn bhoidheach,
Hi-ri, mo nighean donn bhoidheach,
My chailleag, laghach, bhoidheach,
Cha phosaim ach thu.*

Down the river came the strong, clear chorus of men's voices, and soon a "pointer," pulled by six stalwart men with a lad in the stern, swung round the bend into view. A single voice took up the song:

*'S ann tha mo run's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,
An gleann fad o' shuil.*

After the verse the full chorus broke forth again:

Horo, mo nighean, etc.

Swiftly the pointer shot down the current, the swaying bodies and swinging oars in perfect rhythm with the song that rose and fell with melancholy but musical cadence. The men on the high bank stood looking down upon the approaching singers. "You know dem fellers?" said Le Noir. Murphy nodded. "Ivery divil

av thim—Big Mack Cameron, Dannie Ross, Finlay Campbell, the red-hided one; the nixt I don't know—and yes, bedad! there's that Yankee—Yankee Jim, they call him; and that big black divil is Black Hugh, the brother iv the boss Macdonald; he'll be up in the camp beyant, and a mighty lucky thing for you, Le Nware, he is."

"Bah!" spat Le Noir, "dat beeg Macdonald, I mak heem run like one little sheep, one tam at de long Sault. Bah! No good!" Le Noir's contempt for Macdonald was genuine and complete. For two years he had tried to meet the boss Macdonald, but his rival had always avoided him.

Meantime the pointer came swinging along. As it turned the point the boy uttered an exclamation—"Look there!" The song and the rowing stopped abruptly; the big dark man stood up and gazed down the river packed from bank to bank with the brown sawlogs; deep curses broke from him. Then he caught sight of the men on the bank. A word of command and the pointer shot into the shore, and next moment Macdonald Dhu, or Black Hugh, as he was sometimes called, followed by his men, was climbing up the steep bank.

"What do these logs mean, Murphy?" he demanded, without pause for salutation.

"'Tis a foine avenin', Misther Macdonald," said Murphy, blandly offering his hand, "an' Hiven bliss ye!"

Macdonald checked himself with an effort and reluctantly shook hands with Murphy and Le Noir, whom he slightly knew. "It is a fery goot evening indeed," he said, in as quiet a voice as he could command. "but I am inquiring about these logs."

"Shure, an' it is a dhry night, an' onpolite to kape yez talkin' here. Come in wid yez;" and, much against his will, Black Hugh followed Murphy to the tavern, the most pretentious of a group of log buildings—once a lumber camp—which stood back a little distance from the river, and about which Murphy's men, some sixty of them, were now camped.

The tavern was full of Murphy's gang, a motley crew, mostly French and Irish Roman Catholics just out of the woods

and ready for any devilment that promised excitement. Most of them knew by sight, and all by reputation, Macdonald and his gang, for from the farthest reaches of the Ottawa, down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, the Macdonald gang of Glengarry men was famous. They came, most of them, from that strip of country, running back from the St. Lawrence through Glengarry County, known as the Indian Lands—once an Indian Reservation. They were sons of the men who had come from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland in the early years of last century. Driven from homes in the land of their fathers, they had set themselves, with indomitable faith and courage, to hew from the solid forest homes for themselves and their children that none might take from them. These pioneers were bound together by ties of blood, but also by bonds stronger than those of blood. Their loneliness, their triumphs, their sorrows, born of their common lifelong conflict with the forest and its fierce beasts, knit them in bonds close and enduring. The sons born to them and reared in the heart of the pine forests grew up to witness that heroic struggle with stern Nature and to take their part in it. And mighty men they were. Their life bred in them hardiness of frame, alertness of sense, readiness of resource, endurance, superb self-reliance, a courage that grew with peril, and withal a certain wildness which at times deepened into ferocity. By their fathers the forest was dreaded and hated, but the sons, with rifles in hand, trod its pathless stretches without fear, and with their broad-axes they took toll of their ancient foe. For while in spring and summer they farmed their narrow fields, and rescued new lands from the *brûlé*, in winter they sought the forest, and back on their own farms or in "the shanties" they cut sawlogs or made square timber, their only source of wealth. The shanty life of the early fifties of last century was not the luxurious thing of today. It was full of privation, for the men were poorly housed and fed; and of peril, for the making of the timber and the getting it down the smaller rivers to the big water was a work of hardship and of danger. Remote from the restraints of law and of society, and living in wild surroundings and in hourly touch with danger, small wonder that often the shantymen

were wild and reckless. So that many a poor fellow in a single wild carouse in Quebec, or more frequently in some river town, would fling into the hands of harlots and tavern-keepers, with whom the bosses were sometimes in league, the earnings of his long winter's work, and would wake to find himself sick and penniless, far from home and broken in spirit.

Of all the shantymen of the Ottawa, the men of Glengarry, and of Glengarry men Macdonald's gang, were easily first; and of the gang Donald "Bhain" Macdonald, or Macdonald More, or the Big Macdonald, for he was variously known, was not only the "boss" but best and chief. There was none like him. A giant in size and strength, a prince of broad-ax men, at home in the woods, sure-footed and daring on the water, free with his wages, and always ready to drink with friend or fight with foe, the whole river admired, feared, or hated him, while his own men followed him, into the woods, on to a jam, or into a fight, with equal joyousness and devotion. Fighting was like wine to him, when the fight was worth while; and he went into the fights his admirers were always arranging for him with the easiest good humor and with a smile on his face. But Macdonald Bhain's carousing, fighting days came to an abrupt stop about three years before the opening of this tale; for on one of his summer visits to his home "the word of the Lord in the mouth of his servant Alexander Murray," as he was wont to say, "found him and he was a new man." He went into his new life with the same whole-souled joyousness as had marked the old, and he announced that with the shanty and the river he was "done forevermore." But after the summer's work was done, and the logging over, and when the snap of the first frost nipped the leaves from the trees, Macdonald became restless. He took down his broad-ax and spent hours polishing it and bringing it to an edge; then he put it in its wooden sheath and laid it away. But the fever was upon him; ten thousand voices from the forest were shouting for him. He went away, troubled, to his minister. In an hour he came back with the old good humor in his face, took down the broad-ax again and retouched it lovingly, humming

the while the old river song of the Glengarry men:

Horo mo nighean; etc.

He was going back to the bush and to the biggest fight of his life. No wonder he was glad. Then his good little wife began to get ready his long, heavy stockings, his thick mits, his homespun smock, and other gear, for she knew well that soon she would be alone for another winter. Before long the word went round that Macdonald Bhain was for the shanties again, and his men came to him for their orders.

But it was not to the old life that Macdonald was going, and he gravely told those who came to him that he would take no man who could not handle his ax and hand-spike, and who could not behave himself. "Behaving himself" meant taking no more whisky than a man could carry, and refusing all invitations to fight unless "necessity was laid upon him." The only man to object was his own brother, Macdonald Dhu, whose temper was swift to blaze, and with whom the blow was quicker than the word. But after the second year of the new order even Black Hugh fell into line. Macdonald soon became famous on the Ottawa. He picked only the best men, he fed them well, paid them the highest wages and cared for their comfort, but held them in strictest discipline. They would drink but kept sober; they would spend money, but knew how much was coming to them. They feared no men, even of "twice their own heavy and big," but would never fight except under necessity. Contracts began to come their way. They made money, and, what was better, they brought it home. The best men sought to join them, but by rival gangs and by men rejected from their ranks they were hated with deepest heart-hatred. But the men from Glengarry knew no fear and sought no favor. They asked only a good belt of pine and an open river. As a rule, they got both, and it was peculiarly maddening to Black Hugh to find two or three miles of solid logs between his timber and the open water of the Nation. Black Hugh had a temper fierce and quick, and when in full flame he was a man to avoid, for from neither man nor devil would he turn. The only man who could hold him was his brother, Mac-

donald Bhain, for, strong man as he was, Black Hugh knew well that his brother could with a single swift grip bring him to his knees.

It was unfortunate that the command of the party this day should have been Macdonald Dhu's. Unfortunate, too, that it was Dan Murphy and his men that happened to be blocking the river mouth. For the Glengarry men, who handled only square timber, despised the Murphy gang as sawlog men, "log rollers" or "muskrats" they called them, and hated them as Irish "Papishes" and French "Crapeaux," while between Dan Murphy and Macdonald Dhu there was an ancient personal grudge, and to-day Murphy thought he had found his time. There were only six of the enemy, he had ten times the number with him, many of them eager to pay off old scores, and besides there was Louis Le Noir, the "boss bully" of the river. The Frenchman was not only a powerful man, active with hands and feet, but he was an adept in all kinds of fighting tricks. Since coming to the Ottawa he had heard of the Big Macdonald, and he sought to meet him. But Macdonald avoided him once and again, till Le Noir, having never known any one avoiding a fight for any reason other than fear, proclaimed Macdonald a coward and himself "de boss on de reever." Now there was a chance of meeting his rival and of forcing a fight, for the Glengarry camp could not be far away, where the Big Macdonald himself would be. So Dan Murphy, backed up with numbers and the boss bully Le Noir, determined that for these Macdonald men the day of settlement had come. But they were dangerous men, and it would be well to take all precautions, and hence his friendly invitation to the tavern for drinks.

Macdonald Dhu, scorning to show hesitation, though he suspected treachery, strode after Murphy to the tavern door and through the crowd of shantymen filling the room. They were as ferocious-looking a lot of men as could well be got together, even in that country and in those days—shaggy of hair and beard, dressed out in red and blue and green jerseys with knitted sashes about their waists, and red and blue and green *tuques* on their heads. Drunken rows were their delight, and fights so fierce that many a

man came out battered and bruised to death or to lifelong decrepitude. They were sitting on the benches that ran round the room, or lounging against the bar, singing, talking, blaspheming. At the sight of Macdonald Dhu and his men there fell a dead silence and then growls of recognition, but Murphy was not yet ready, and, roaring out "Dh-r-r-i-n-k-s," he seized a couple of his men leaning against the bar, and, hurling them to right and left, cried, "M-a-ke room fer yer betthers, be the powers! Shtand up, bhoys, and fill yirsilves."

Black Hugh and his men lined up gravely to the bar and were straightway surrounded by the crowd yelling hideously. But if Murphy and his gang thought to intimidate those grave Highlanders with noise, they were greatly mistaken, for they stood quietly waiting for their glasses to be filled, alert, but with an air of perfect indifference. Some eight or ten glasses were set down and filled, when Murphy, snatching a couple of bottles from the shelf behind the bar, handed them out to his men, crying, "Here, ye bluddy thaves, lave the glasses to the gintlemen!"

There was no mistaking the insolence in his tone, and the chorus of derisive yells that answered him showed that his remark had gone to the spot.

Yankee Jim, who kept close to Black Hugh, saw the veins in his neck beginning to swell, and his face to grow dark; he was longing to be at Murphy's throat. "Speak him fair," he said in a low tone; "there's rather a good string of 'em raound." Macdonald Dhu glanced about him. His eye fell on his boy, and for the first time his face became anxious. "Ranald," he said, angrily, "take yourself out of this. It is no place for you whatever." The boy, a slight lad of fifteen, but tall and well-knit and with his father's fierce, wild, dark face, hesitated.

"Go," said his father, giving him a slight cuff.

"Here, boy," yelled Le Noir, catching him by the arm and holding the bottle to his mouth, "drink." The boy took a gulp, choked, and spat it out. Le Noir and his men roared. "Dat good whisky," he cried, still holding the boy. "You not lak dat, hey?"

"No," said the boy; "it is not good at all."

"Try heem some more," said Le Noir, thrusting the bottle at him again.

"I will not," said Ranald, looking at Le Noir straight and fearless.

"Ho-ho! mon brave enfant! But you have not de good mannere. Come drink!" He caught the boy by the back of the neck, and made as if to pour the whisky down his throat. Black Hugh, who had been kept by Yankee Jim all the time, started forward, but before he could take a second step Ranald, squirming round like a cat, had sunk his teeth into Le Noir's wrist. With a cry of rage and pain Le Noir raised the bottle and was bringing it down on Ranald's head when Black Hugh with one hand caught the falling blow, and with the other seized Ranald, and crying, "Get out of this!" he flung him towards the door. Then, turning to Le Noir, he said, with surprising self-control, "It is myself that is sorry that a boy of mine should be guilty of biting like a dog."

"*Sa-c-r-ré! le chien!*" yelled Le Noir, shaking off Macdonald Dhu. "He is one dog, and the son of a dog!" He turned and started for the boy. But Yankee Jim had got Ranald to the door and was whispering to him. "Run!" cried Yankee Jim, pushing him out of the door; and the boy was off like the wind. Le Noir pursued him a short way and returned raging. Yankee Jim, or Yankee, as he was called for short, came back to Macdonald Dhu's side, and, whispering to the other Highlanders, "Keep your backs clear," sat up coolly on the counter. The fight was sure to come, and there were seven to one against them in the room. If he could only gain time. Every minute was precious. It would take the boy fifteen minutes to run the two miles to camp. It would be half an hour before the rest of the Glengarry men could arrive, and much fighting may be done in that time. He must avert attention from Macdonald Dhu, who was waiting to cram Le Noir's insult down his throat. Yankee Jim had not only all the cool courage, but also the shrewd, calculating spirit of his race. He was ready to fight, and if need be against odds, but he preferred to fight on as even terms as possible.

Soon Le Noir came back, wild with fury, and yelling curses at the top of his voice. He hurled himself into the room, the

crowd falling back from him on either hand.

"Hola!" he yelled. "*Sacré bleu!*" He took two quick steps, and, springing up into the air, he kicked the stovepipe that ran along some seven feet above the floor.

"Purty good kickin'!" called out Yankee, sliding down from his seat. "Used to kick some myself. Excuse *me*." He stood for a moment looking up at the stovepipe, then without apparent effort he sprang into the air, shot up one of his long legs, and knocked the stovepipe with a bang against the ceiling. There was a shout of admiration.

"My damages," he said to Pat Murphy, who stood behind the counter. "Good thing there ain't no fire. Thought it was higher. Wouldn't care to kick for the drinks, would ye?" he added to Le Noir.

Le Noir was too furious to enter into any contest so peaceful, but as he specially prided himself on his high kick, he paused a moment, and was about to agree when Black Hugh broke in harshly, spoiling all Yankee's plans.

"There is no time for such foolishness," he said, turning to Dan Murphy. "I want to know when we can get our timber out."

"Depinds intoirely on yirsilf," said Murphy.

"When will your logs be out of the way?"

"Indade an' that's a ha-r-r-d one," laughed Murphy.

"And will you tell me what right hev you to close up the river?" Black Hugh's wrath was rising.

"You wud think now it wuz yirsilf that owned the river. An' bedad it's the thought of yir mind, it is. An' it's not the river only, but the whole creation ye an' yir brother think is yours." Dan Murphy was close up to Macdonald Dhu by this time. "Yis, blank blank yir faces, an' ye'd like to turn better than yirsilves from aff the river, so ye wud, ye black-hearted thaves that ye are."

This, of course, was beyond all endurance. For answer Black Hugh smote him sudden and fierce on the mouth, and Murphy went down.

"Purty one," sang out Yankee, cheerily. "Now, boys, back to the wall."

Before Murphy could rise, Le Noir sprang over him and lit upon Macdonald like a cat, but Macdonald shook himself

free and sprang back to the Glengarry line at the wall.

"Mac an Diabhoil!" he roared. "Glengarry forever!"

"Glengarry!" yelled the four Highlanders beside him, wild with the delight of battle. It was a plain necessity, and they went into it with free consciences and happy hearts.

"Let me at him," cried Murphy, struggling past Le Noir towards Macdonald.

"Non! he is to me!" yelled Le Noir, dancing in front of Macdonald.

"Here, Murphy," called out Yankee, obligingly, "help yourself this way." Murphy dashed at him, but Yankee's long arm shot out to meet him, and Murphy again found the floor.

"Come on, boys," cried Pat Murphy, Dan's brother, and, followed by half a dozen others, he flung himself at Yankee and the line of men standing up against the wall. But Yankee's arms flashed out once, twice, thrice, and Pat Murphy fell back over his brother; two others staggered across and checked the oncoming rush, while Dannie Ross and big Mack Cameron had each beaten back their man, and the Glengarry line stood unbroken. Man for man they were far more than a match for their opponents, and, standing shoulder to shoulder with their backs to the wall, they taunted Murphy and his gang with all the wealth of gibes and oaths at their command.

"Where's the rest of your outfit, Murphy?" drawled Yankee; "don't seem's if you'd counted right."

"It is a cold day for the parley-voos," laughed Big Mack Cameron. "Come up, lads, and take a taste of something hot." Then the Murphy men, clearing away the fallen, rushed again. They strove to bring the Highlanders to a clinch, but Yankee's voice was high and clear in command.

"Keep the line, boys! Don't let 'em draw you!" And the Glengarry men waited till they could strike, and when they struck men went down and were pulled back by their friends.

"Intil them, bhoys!" yelled Dan Murphy, keeping out of range himself. "Intil the divils!" And again and again his men crowded down upon the line against the wall, but again and again they were beaten down or hurled back bruised and bleeding.

Meantime Le Noir was devoting himself to Black Hugh at one end of the line, dancing in upon him and away again, but without much result. Black Hugh refused to be drawn out, and fought warily on defense, knowing the odds were great and waiting his chance to deliver one good blow, which was all he asked.

The Glengarry men were enjoying themselves hugely, and when not shouting their battle-cry, "Glengarry forever," or taunting their foes, they were joking each other on the fortunes of war. Big Mack Cameron, who held the center, drew most of the sallies. He was easy-tempered and good-natured, and took his knocks with the utmost good humor.

"That was a good one, Mack," said Dannie Ross, his special chum, as a sounding whack came in on Big Mack's face. "As true as death, I will be telling it to Bella Peter." Bella, the daughter of Peter McGregor, was supposed to be dear to Big Mack's heart.

"What a peety she could not see him the now," said Finlay Campbell. "Man alive! she would say the word queek."

"'Tis more than she will do to you whatever, if you cannot keep off that *Crapeau* yonder a little better," said Big Mack, reaching for a Frenchman who kept dodging in upon him with annoying persistence. Then Mack began to swear Gaelic oaths.

"'Tain't fair, Mack!" called out Yankee from his end of the line; "bad language in English is bad enough, but in Gaelic it must be uncommon rough." So they gibed each other. But the tactics of the enemy were exceedingly irritating, and were beginning to tell upon the tempers of the Highlanders.

"Come to me, ye cowardly little devil," roared Mack to his persisting assailant. "No one will hurt you! Come away, man! A-a-ah-ouch!" His cry of satisfaction at having grabbed his man ended in a howl of pain, for the Frenchman had got Mack's thumb between his teeth, and was chewing it vigorously.

"Ye would, would you, ye dog!" roared Big Mack. He closed his fingers into the Frenchman's gullet, and drew him up to strike, but on every side hands reached for him and stayed his blow. Then he lost himself. With a yell of rage he jammed his man back into the crowd, sinking his

fingers deeper and deeper into his enemy's throat, till his face grew black and his head fell over on one side. But it was a fatal move for Mack; and, overcome by numbers that crowded upon him, he went down fighting wildly and bearing the Frenchman beneath him. The Glengarry line was broken. Black Hugh saw Mack's peril, and knew that it meant destruction to all. With a wilder cry than usual, "Glengarry! Glengarry!" he dashed straight into Le Noir, who gave back swiftly, caught two men who were beating Big Mack's life out and hurled them aside, and, grasping his friend's collar, hauled him to his feet and threw him back against the wall and into the line again with his grip still upon his Frenchman's throat.

"Let dead men go, Mack," he cried, but even as he spoke Le Noir, seeing his opportunity, sprang at him, and with a backward kick caught Macdonald fair in the face and lashed him hard against the wall. It was the terrible French "*lash*," and was one of Le Noir's special tricks. Black Hugh, stunned and dazed, leaned back against the wall, spreading out his hands weakly before his face. Le Noir, seeing victory within his grasp, rushed in to finish off his special foe. But Yankee Jim, who, while engaged in cheerfully knocking back the two Murphys and others who took their turn at him, had been keeping an eye on the line of battle, saw Macdonald's danger, and, knowing that the crisis had come, dashed across the line, crying, "Follow me, boys." His long arms swung round his head like the sails of a windmill, and men fell back from him as if they had been made of wood. As Le Noir sprang, Yankee shot fiercely at him; but the Frenchman, too quick for him, ducked and leaped upon Black Hugh, who was still swaying against the wall, bore him down and jumped with his heavy "corked" boots on his breast and face. Again the Glengarry line was broken. At once the crowd surged about the Glengarry men, who now stood back to back beating off the men leaping at them from every side, as a stag beats off dogs, and still chanting high their dauntless cry, "Glengarry forever!" Yankee, failing to check Le Noir's attack upon Black Hugh, fought off the men crowding upon him and made his way to the corner where the Frenchman was still engaged

in kicking the prostrate Highlander to death.

"Take that," he said, catching Le Noir in the jaw and knocking his head with a thud against the wall. Before he could strike again he was thrown against his enemy, who clutched him and held like a vice.

Chapter II.—"Vengeance is Mine"

The Glengarry men had fought their fight, and it only remained for their foes to wreak their vengeance upon them and wipe out old scores. One minute more would have done for them, but in that minute the door came crashing in. There was a mighty roar, "Glengarry! Glengarry!" and the great Macdonald himself, with the boy Ranald and some half-dozen of his men behind him, stood among them. On all hands the fight stopped. A moment he stood, his great head and shoulders towering above the crowd, his tawny hair and beard falling around his face like a great mane, his blue eyes gleaming from under his shaggy eyebrows like livid lightning. A single glance around the room, and, again raising his battle-cry, "Glengarry!" he seized the nearest shrinking Frenchman, lifted him high and hurled him smashing into the bottles behind the counter. His men following him bounded like tigers on their prey. A few moments of fierce, eager fighting and the Glengarry men were all freed and on their feet, all except Black Hugh, who lay groaning in his corner. "Hold, lads!" Macdonald Bhain cried in his mighty voice. "Stop, I am telling you." The fighting ceased.

"Dan Murphy!" he cried, casting his eye round the room, "where are you, ye son of Belial?"

Murphy, crouching at the back of the crowd near the door, sought to escape.

"Ah! there you are!" cried Macdonald, and, reaching through the crowd with his great long arm, he caught Murphy by the hair of the head and dragged him forward.

"R-r-r-a-at! R-r-r-a-at! R-r-r-a-at!" he snarled, shaking him till his teeth rattled. "It is yourself that is the cause of this wickedness. Now may the Lord have mercy upon your soul." With one hand he gripped Murphy by the throat, holding him at arm's length, and raised his huge

fist to strike. But before the blow fell he paused.

"No!" he muttered, in a disappointed tone, "it is not good enough. I will not be demeaning myself. Hence, you r-r-a-t!" As he spoke he lifted the shaking wretch as if he had been a bundle of clothes, swung him half round, and hurled him crashing through the window.

"Is there no goot man here at all who will stand before me?" he raged in a wild, joyous fury. "Will not two of you come forth, then?" No one moved. "Come to me!" he suddenly cried, and, snatching two of the enemy, he dashed their heads together and threw them insensible on the floor.

Then he caught sight of his brother for the first time, lying in the corner with Big Mack supporting his head, and Le Noir standing near.

"What is this? What is this?" he cried, striding toward Le Noir. "And is it you that has done this work?" he asked, in a voice of subdued rage.

"Que!" cried Le Noir, stepping back and putting up his hands, "das me! Louis Le Noir! by gar!" He struck himself on the breast as he spoke.

"Out of my way!" cried Macdonald, swinging his open hand on the Frenchman's ear. With a swift sweep he brushed Le Noir aside from his place, and, ignoring him, stooped over his brother. But Le Noir was no coward, and, besides, his boasted reputation was at stake. He thought he saw his chance, and, rushing at Macdonald as he was bending over his brother, delivered his terrible *lash*. But Macdonald had not lived with and fought with Frenchmen all these years without knowing their tricks and ways. He saw Le Noir's *lash* coming, and, quickly turning his head, avoided the blow.

"Ah! would ye! Take that, then, and be quate!" and so saying, he caught Le Noir on the side of the head and sent him to the floor. "Keep him off a while, Yankee!" said Macdonald, for Le Noir was up again and coming at him.

Then, kneeling beside his brother, he wiped the bloody froth that was oozing from his lips, and said in a low, anxious tone:

"Hugh, bhodaich [old man], are ye hurted? Can ye not speak to me, Hugh?"

"Oich-oh," Black Hugh groaned. "It was a necessity—Tonal, man—and—he took me—unawares—with his—keeck—"

"Indeed and I'll warrant you!" agreed his brother, "but I will be attending to him, never you fear."

Macdonald was about to rise when his brother caught his arm.

"You will—not be—killing him?" he urged between his painful gasps, "because I will be doing that myself some day, by God's help."

His words and the eager hate in his face seemed to quiet Macdonald.

"Alas! alas!" he said, sadly, "it is not allowed me to smite him as he deserves. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' and I have solemnly promised the minister not to smite for glory or for revenge—alas! alas!"

Then, turning to Le Noir, he said, gravely, "It is not given me to punish you for your coward's blow. Go from me!" But Le Noir misjudged him.

"Bah!" he cried, contemptuously, "you tink me one baby, you strike me on de head side like one leetle boy. Bon! Louis Le Nware, de bes' bully on de Hottawa, he's not 'fraid for hany man! by gar!" He pranced up and down before Macdonald, working himself into a great rage as Macdonald grew more and more controlled.

Macdonald turned to his men with a kind of appeal: "I have given my promise, and Macdonald will not break his word."

"Bah!" cried Le Noir, spitting at him.

"Now may the Lord give me grace to withstand the enemy," said Macdonald gravely, "for I am greatly moved to take vengeance upon you."

"Bah!" cried Le Noir again, mistaking Macdonald's quietness and self-control for fear. "You no good! Your brother is no good! Beeg sheep! Beeg sheep! Bah!"

"God help me," said Macdonald as if to himself, "I am a man of Grace! But must this dog go unpunished?"

Le Noir continued striding up and down, now and then springing high in the air and knocking his heels together with blood-curdling yells. He seemed to feel that Macdonald would not fight, and his courage and desire for blood grew accordingly.

"Will you not be quate?" said Macdonald, rising after a few moments from his brother's side, where he had been wiping his lips and giving him water to drink. "You will be better outside."

"Oui! you strike me on the head side. Bon! I strike you desame way! By gar!" So saying, he approached Macdonald lightly and struck him a slight blow on the cheek.

"Ay," said Macdonald, growing white and rigid. "I struck you twice, Le Noir. Here!" he offered the other side of his face. Le Noir danced up carefully, made a slight pass, and struck the offered cheek.

"Now that is done will it please you to do it again!" said Macdonald, with earnest entreaty in his voice. Le Noir must have been mad with his rage and vanity, else he had caught the glitter in the blue eyes looking through the shaggy hair. Again Le Noir approached, this time with greater confidence, and dealt Macdonald a stinging blow on the side of the head.

"Now the Lord be praised," he cried, joy breaking out in his face. "He has delivered my enemy into my hand. For it is the third time he has smitten me, and that is beyond the limit appointed by Himself." With this he advanced upon Le Noir with a glad heart. His conscience was clear at last.

Le Noir stood up against his antagonist. He well knew he was about to make the fight of his life. He had beaten men as big as Macdonald, but he knew that his hope lay in keeping out of the enemy's reach. So he danced around warily. Macdonald followed him slowly. Le Noir opened with a swift and savage reach for Macdonald's neck, but failed to break the guard, and danced out again, Macdonald still pressing on him. Again and again Le Noir rushed, but the guard was impregnable, and steadily Macdonald advanced. That steady, relentless advance began to tell on the Frenchman's nerve. The sweat gathered in big drops on his forehead and ran down his face. He prepared for a supreme effort. Swiftly retreating, he lured Macdonald to a more rapid advance, then with a yell he doubled himself into a ball and delivered himself, head, hands, and feet, into Macdonald's stomach. It is a trick that sometimes

avails to break an unsteady guard and to secure a clinch with an unwary opponent. But Macdonald had been waiting for that trick. Stopping short, he leaned over to one side, and, stooping slightly, caught Le Noir low and tossed him clear over his head. Le Noir fell with a terrible thud on his back, but was on his feet again like a cat and ready for the ever-advancing Macdonald. But though he had not been struck a single blow, he knew that he had met his master. That unbreakable guard, the smiling face with the gleaming, unsmiling eyes, that awful, unwavering advance, were too much for him. He was pale, his breath came in quick gasps, and his eyes showed the fear of a hunted beast. He prepared for a final effort. Feigning a greater distress than he felt, he yielded weakly to Macdonald's advance, then suddenly, gathering his full strength, he sprang into the air and lashed out backward at that hated, smiling face. His boot found its mark, not on Macdonald's face, but fair on his neck. The effect was terrific. Macdonald staggered back two or three paces, but before Le Noir could be at him he had recovered sufficiently to maintain his guard and shake off his foe. At the yell that went up from Murphy's men, the big Highlander's face lost its smile and became keen and cruel, his eyes glittered with the flash of steel, and he came forward once more with a quick, light tread. His great body seemed to lose both size and weight, so lightly did he step on tiptoe. There was no more pause; but lightly, swiftly, and eagerly he glided upon Le Noir. There was something terrifying in that swift, cat-like movement. In vain the Frenchman backed and dodged and tried to guard. Once, twice, Macdonald's fists fell. Le Noir's right arm hung limp by his side, and he staggered back to the wall helpless. Without an instant's delay Macdonald had him by the throat, and, gripping him fiercely, began to slowly bend him backward over his knee. Then for the first time Macdonald spoke:

"Le Noir," he said solemnly, "the days of your boasting are over. You will no longer glory in your strength, for now I will break your back to you."

"Tonal," Black Hugh's voice sounded faint but clear in the awful silence—"Tonal—you will not—be killing—him,

Remember that now. I will—never—for—give you—if you will—take that—from my hands.”

The cry for vengeance smote Macdonald to the heart, and recalled him to himself. He paused, threw back his locks from his eyes, then, relaxing his grip, stood up.

“God preserve me!” he groaned; “what am I about?”

For some time he remained standing silent, with head down as if not quite sure of himself. He was recalled by a grip on his arm. He turned and saw his nephew Ranald at his side. The boy’s dark face was pale with passion.

“And is that all you are going to do to him?” he demanded. Macdonald gazed at him.

“Do you not see what he has done?” he continued, pointing to his father, who was still lying propped up on some coats. “Why did you not break his back? You said you would! The brute beast!”

He hurled out the words in hot hate. His voice pierced the noise of the room. Macdonald stood still gazing at the fierce dark face in solemn silence, then sadly shook his head.

“My lad, ‘Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.’ It would have pleased me well, but the hand of the Lord was laid upon me and I could not kill him.”

“Then it is myself will kill him,” he shrieked, springing like a wildcat at Le Noir. But his uncle wound his arms around him and held him fast. For a minute and more he struggled fiercely, crying to be set free, till, recognizing the uselessness of his efforts, he grew calm and said quietly, “Let me loose, uncle; I will be quiet.” And his uncle set him free. The boy shook himself, and then, standing up before Le Noir, said, in a high, clear voice:

“Will you hear me, Le Noir? The day will come when I will do to you what you have done to my father; and if my father will die, then, by the life of God [a common oath among the shantymen], I will have your life for it.” His voice had an unearthly shrillness in it, and Le Noir shrank back.

“Whisht, whisht, lad, be quate,” said his uncle; “these are not goot words.” The lad heeded him not, but sank down beside his father on the floor. Black

Hugh raised himself on his elbow with a grim smile on his face.

“It is a goot lad whatever, but please God he will not need to keep his word.” He laid his hand in a momentary caress upon his boy’s shoulder, and sank back again saying, “Take me out of this.”

Then Macdonald Bhain turned to Dan Murphy and gravely addressed him.

“Dan Murphy, it is an ungodly and cowardly work you have done this day, and the curse of God will be on you if you will not repent.” Then he turned away, and, with Big Mack’s help, bore his brother to the pointer, followed by his men, bloody, bruised, but unconquered. But before he left the room Le Noir stepped forward, and, offering his hand, said, “You mak’ friends wit’ me. You de boss bully on de reever Hottawa.”

Macdonald neither answered nor looked his way, but passed out in grave silence.

Then Yankee Jim remarked to Dan Murphy, “I guess you’d better git them logs out purty mighty quick. We’ll want the river in about two days.” Dan Murphy said not a word, but when the Glengarry men wanted the river they found it open.

But for Macdonald the fight was not yet over, for as he sat beside his brother, listening to his groans, his men could see him wreathing his hands and chanting in an undertone the words, “Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.” And as he sat by the camp-fire that night listening to Yankee’s account of the beginning of the trouble, and heard how his brother had kept himself in hand, and how at last he had been foully smitten, Macdonald’s conflict deepened, and he rose up and cried aloud:

“God help me! Is this to go unpunished? I will seek him to-morrow.” And he passed out into the dark woods.

After a few moments the boy Ranald slipped away after him to beg that he might be allowed to go with him to-morrow. Stealing silently through the bushes, he came to where he could see the kneeling figure of his uncle swaying up and down, and caught the sounds of words broken with groans.

“Let me go, O Lord! Let me go!” He pled now in Gaelic and again in English. “Let not the man be escaping his just punishment. Grant me this, O

Lord! Let me smite but once!" Then after a pause came the words, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord! Vengeance is mine! Aye, it is the true word! But, Lord, let not this man of Belial escape!" Then, again, like a refrain would come the words, "Vengeance is mine! Vengeance is mine!" in even deeper agony, till, throwing himself on his face, he lay silent a long time.

Suddenly he rose to his knees, and so remained looking steadfastly before him into the woods. The wind came sighing through the pines with a wail and a sob. Macdonald shuddered, and then fell on his face again. The Vision was upon him. "Ah, Lord, it is the bloody hands and feet I see. It is enough." At this Ranald slipped back awe-stricken to the camp. When, after an hour, Macdonald came back into the firelight, his face was

pale and wet but calm, and there was an exalted look in his eyes. His men gazed at him with wonder and awe in their faces.

"Mercy on us! He will be seeing something!" said Big Mack to Yankee Jim.

"Seein' somethin'? What? A bar?" inquired Yankee.

"Whisht now?" said Big Mack in a low voice. "He has the sight. Be quate now, will ye? He will be speaking."

For a short time Macdonald sat gazing into the fire in silence, then, turning his face towards the men who were waiting, he said: "There will be no more of this. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' It is not for me. The Lord will do his own work. It is the will of the Lord." And the men knew that the last word had been said on that subject, and that Le Noir was safe.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Familiarity

By Marian Alden

If only once within a century's flight
We caught the trembling vision of a star,
With bated breath the world would tell and hear
How, quivering in the sky, an angel's tear
Was pendent, mirroring from afar
The sure, pure glowing of Eternal Light.

Or, if it took a hundred years' full span
To show the doubting world a perfect rose,
With one another how we'd vie to tell,
In fittest song and verse, the miracle
Of petaled birth! Through every bud that blows
We'd see God send a sign direct to man.

Alas! with spendthrift bloom the roses creep
Half noticed, blindly seen. Or else with gold
We arrogantly buy—on priceless head
Set money value, as on meat and bread!
And when at night the trembling stars unfold,
We shut away the sight—and go to sleep.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MIKADO

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

國光宣揚

THERE is an impression abroad that the present Emperor of Japan is a shadow, as many of his fathers were, and that his personality counts but little. In reality, Mutsuhito is the new ruler in the new State of twentieth-century Asia. One of the most interesting of modern sovereigns, his personality has been one of the greatest forces determining the destinies of the nation. All the greater because brave enough to part with what was of least value, he has held conservatively to what are Japan's true riches. I do not say that he is the greatest of all in the long line of over six score Mikados who have ruled in Everlasting Dai Nippon, but as a student of history I should be unable, without him, to account for Japan's present power and momentum toward progress.

Having enjoyed audience with his Majesty in his palace, and on a dozen occasions having stood within a few feet of his person, having seen him many times in various public functions, having once, I am sorry to say, come near being the death of him, and having for over thirty years learned of his life and ways, his acts and his influence, not only from sources of information open to the public, but from some of those nearest to him, I purpose to give my reasons for thinking that in him we have one of the great men of history. This I can best begin to do by outlining his life and work.

Mutsuhito was born within the Imperial Palace in mountain-girdled Kyoto on the third of November, 1852, being the second son of his father, the Emperor Komei. This palace-hermit began his reign in 1847, and was the one hundred and twenty-second Emperor of that imperial line which is believed by the Japanese to have begun with Jimmu, 660 B.C., and which is certainly historic from the opening of the fourth century. Mutsuhito's mother was one of the ladies of the imperial court belonging to the personal household of the Emperor. She is

still living, and holds high rank under the title of Nii no Tsuboni. Babyhood and the bright years of child life were spent amid the glorious gardens of the palace, secluded from the great world. With the blue sky overhead and the loveliness of nature reproduced in miniature by means of tiny rock and mound, waterfall and stream, the boy lived in seclusion until his sixteenth year. Under the instruction of specially able teachers he became a very diligent student. He was very fond of geography and history, and asked many questions about men and things at home and abroad. He lived in a time when, in spite of the cloister-like seclusion so rigidly maintained by century-old custom hardened into routine, puffs and gusts of news from the outer world came to him. These awoke in him eager curiosity to know what kind of men lived in lands afar.

Although the name of Mutsuhito means, literally, gentleman, his years were not wholly those of peace and calm. When he was but ten years old, the long-dormant political volcano showed ominous signs of activity. Two years later, within the sacred

city itself, two warring clans, representing the forces of progress and conservatism, encamped, the one in the imperial flower-garden and the other in the suburbs of Kioto. On the 20th of August, 1864, an attack was made by 1,300 men against the nine-gated palace inclosure, and the future Emperor smelt gunpowder. In the battle, followed by a heavy cannonade, scores of men were slain, and most of Kioto was left in ashes, or, as the native chronicler writes it—"The City of the Ninefold Circle of Flowers disappeared in the flames of a war-fire."

Three years later the boy Mutsuhito, by the death of his father, became Emperor, February 3, 1867.

The next year was the pivot on which the nation swung into a new life and Dai Nippon became New Japan. Over a century of interior intellectual preparation, followed by a decade of debate and commotion, issued in the revolution of January 3, 1868. Then the men of Dutch culture, with American rifles in their hands, gained possession of the palace, and later, in bloody battle, drove back the forces of reaction.

The young Emperor was suddenly confronted with questions of civil war, the very existence of his throne, diplomacy with foreigners, the inauguration of radical reforms, and the problem of governing thirty millions of people in a new way.

To this task the young ruler nobly addressed himself. Over and over again have Japan's mightiest men found that here was no puppet, no shadow, but the genuine reality of a man who knew his own mind, and was neither overwhelmed by the greatness of his tasks nor to be quenched by ambitious schemers.

Roughly speaking, the students' *coup d'état* of 1868, crowning a century and a half of interior movement—for Japan's revolution from within is even greater than her external changes—was led by four men, who may be called the brain, the pen, the sword, and the trowel of the Restoration of 1868. They were Okubo, Kido, Saigo, and Okuma, of whom only the last is living. These men and their co-workers took the Mikado down out of the clouds, put his feet on the earth, sent him to Osaka to see the ships, salt water, and a strip of the world outside Kioto, prepared a constitution that meant gov-

ernment by public opinion and secured it by the Mikado's oath, moved the capital to Tokio, put down the rebellion, abolished feudalism, persevered in the reconstruction of the Empire, and sent abroad for men of learning and ability, inviting them to come to Japan to act as advisers. After one month's travel overland—now done in a day—the Mikado arrived in Tokio, November 26, 1869. After a few months' residence there to show that he was well established in power, the civil war over, and the dual system a thing of the past, he returned to Kioto to marry the Princess Haruko (Spring Maiden), now the gracious Empress. Again in spite of fanatical opposition, he left the old sacred city in 1870 for his permanent dwelling in Tokio.

The wonderful year of 1871 saw the abolition of feudalism and the despatch of an embassy of nobles and Cabinet officers round the world. They represented the Mikado abroad. During this year, living in the capital of one of the powerful daimios, I had overwhelming evidence of the power of the Emperor, for I saw loyalty become patriotism. By the might of the Mikado's name, feudalism fell, and three hundred feudal chiefs retired to private life. It has been by the power of the Mikado's personality that out of the ruins of feudalism has risen constitutional Japan. To break down is easy; but Mutsuhito is a master builder, steady, patient, forceful.

It was my good fortune to be one of the very first foreigners invited (July, 1870) from abroad to help, according to the imperial oath, to "rebuild the foundations of the empire." When I reached Tokio, January 2, 1871, the Emperor was still "His Imperial Invisibility," for no foreigner and very few of his own subjects had as yet seen him in public.

Most wonderful in an Asiatic country was the way in which former rebels, leaders of armies and navies, were treated when the civil war was over. It was the general expectation in the hour of triumph that a good many bowels would be opened by the hara-kiri knife, and that scores of heads would roll into the blood-pit; but, instead, the young Emperor pardoned and forgot. Not a life was taken. Even the "Boxers" of that day—for Japan had her Boxer period—who could not bear to see



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN

the Son of Heaven polluted by intercourse with the bearded aliens, were severely sat down upon. Their creed was "Devotion to the Mikado and death to the foreign barbarians." For years they agitated to get the Son of Heaven to "make a progress" and sweep all aliens into the sea. All this seems æons ago.

In the summer of 1872 the Emperor, defying the proverb of old Japan, "A sea voyage is an inch of hell," embarked on a man-of-war and visited Osaka and Kyoto and even Nagasaki. It was while at Satsuma that Shimadzu, the incarnation

of ferocious political mediævalism, presented a letter to his Majesty warning him of the "danger of falling into the vice called republicanism." He saw, "as clearly as in a mirror, that Japan will eventually become a dependency of the western barbarian."

Evidently the young Emperor was not much afraid of republicanism. He had already elevated to citizenship the eta, or pariahs, numbering possibly a million. In doing this he showed a spirit akin to that of Lincoln or Nicholas. He now went further, in behalf of Chinese "coolies"

and Japanese women. He released the cruelly treated Chinese coolies from the *Maria Luz*, a Peruvian bark which had been driven by a storm into Yokohama harbor. After due examination, these slaves, as they were in reality, were taken off and kept on land until the Chinese Government was heard from. Foreigners blustered about Peruvian ironclads coming to demand satisfaction, but our Government made short work of the American Minister who was more active in opposition than sympathy. It was morally grand to see Japan's Emperor determined to do what was right and just, independent of all external opinion and without regard to consequences. The affair was arbitrated by the Czar of Russia, who decided in favor of Japan. The results were a treaty of peace and friendship between Peru and Japan and a very happy improvement in the whole system of the export of Chinese laborers.

Accompanying this *Maria Luz* incident, a great blow for freedom was struck in favor of the thousands of native girls taken as orphans or sold by their parents for the worst of purposes. Traffic was prohibited in these human bodies, or the entering into any employment in which the master's will demanded absolute submission.

Thus it will be seen that, along with, and usually previous to, everything like external reform, which won the world's applause, every feather in the Mikado's cap was some internal improvement or ethical victory. Japan's progress is moral as well as material.

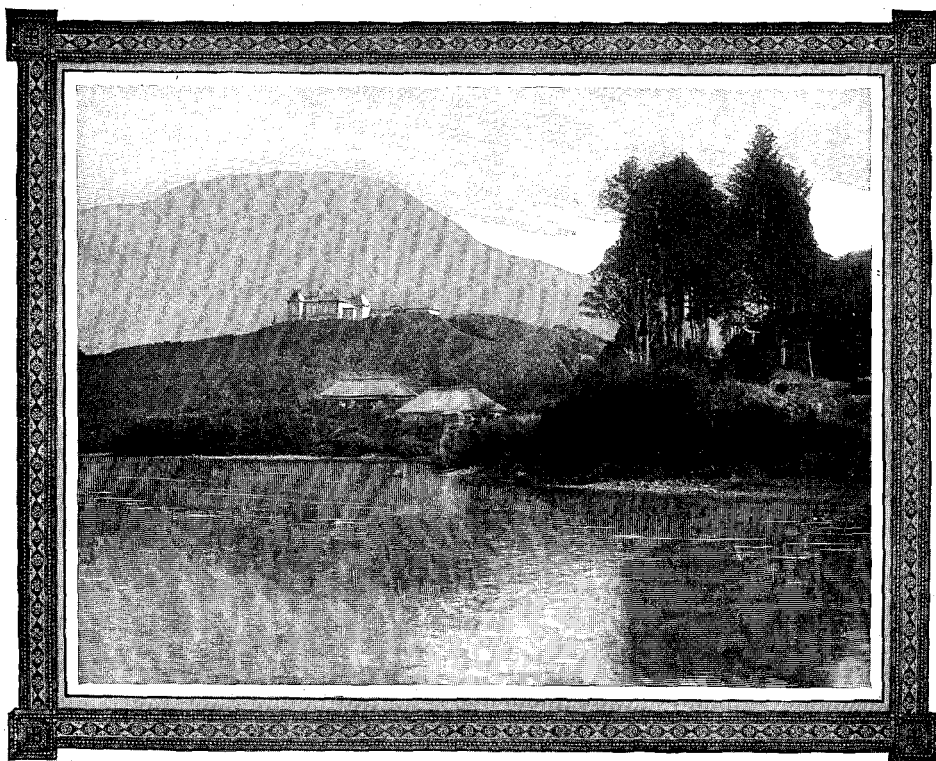
The first time I ever saw the Mikado close at hand was one in which, I am sorry to say, I came near injuring his person. While the Imperial University was in course of evolution, its habitation being little more than a labyrinth of cheaply built one-story rows of rooms, and in its status little more than a high school, the Emperor graciously condescended to pay a visit. On that morning, May 7, 1872, I was to make some chemical experiments, rather phenomenal and dazzling than profoundly scientific, and was happy in being requested to stand within a few feet of the Emperor and his suite, and to remain for several hours in his presence. About ten, in the morning the imperial carriage drove up, escorted by a troop of lancers, who looked as brilliantly red as boiled lobsters. The Emperor alighted, and, escorted by his chamberlain, court attendants, and members of the Cabinet, entered, then passed down the long, dark corridors and into the one



THE PRINCESS SADE



THE CROWN PRINCE



THE MIKADO'S SUMMER VILLA ON HAKOUÉ LAKE

large room where the exercises were to take place.

His Majesty was arrayed in the flowing robes suggestive of middle ages and mystery. He wore an upper wide-sleeved garment of heavy white silk brocade. His very voluminous trousers were of thick red silk. On his head was a black skull-cap of unique pattern, having a wide feather or ribbon of pure yellow gold that rose a foot or more above his forehead. Throughout the exercises he maintained that immobile countenance which is supposed to be the acme of propriety. Yet no hedge of divinity, of the Shinto sort, could dim the brilliancy of those eyes, or conceal his interest taken both in the recitations and experiments, for he was a young man in his very early twenties, and what he saw was new. I am bound to say that one of the seven or eight of my experiments did not reach the technical perfection I could wish for, yet, on the other hand, I was innocent of perpetrating what happened through an accident at a similar function two years after. Then, another professor of chemistry, who manufactured a rod of ice in a test-tube by the

aid of ammonia vapor, accidentally broke the vessel containing the pungent vapor. To put it mildly, the usual immobility of Japanese majesty and nobility was disturbed. The facial contortions were such as are unknown to Buddha in Nirvana.

On my day of standing for the first time before an Emperor, I found myself ravenously hungry after the excitement of experiment was over. That morning at breakfast, in view of the day's work, I had sustained myself mainly with a cup of coffee. Now, at half-past eleven, I was glad to slip off to my house and get what Americans call "quick lunch." This was quicker than usual, for the exercises were soon to end. In my zeal to do the polite thing, I hurried over, so as to be in the line of professors, American, English, French, German, Chinese, Korean, and Japanese, of the Imperial University, to do his Majesty honor at farewell.

Alas for those who with best intentions come to grief! Reaching the main entrance of the university building, I found the lancers drawn up in order and a line of officers between the outer gate and inner entrance. Everything was prepared,



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN

not, as I thought, for adjournment in a few minutes, but, as I soon discovered to my dismay, for the actual reception of his Majesty at the doorway. All the Ministers in his train must keep behind at a distance of many feet, and, of course, no one must precede the Emperor. In a word, the two long corridors, one joining the other at right angles, and leading down to the audience-room, were cleared and empty. Doubtless, also, the Lord High Chamberlain, having gone before, had reported that the way in which the Son of Heaven was to walk was sacredly unobstructed.

Besides being ignorant of all this, I was

over-zealous to do his Majesty honor. Being familiar with every nook and corner of the great rambling edifice, I had entered through a little door to the left of the main entrance. Seeing nothing ahead of me in the long, mat-lined corridor of perhaps sixty feet, I started on a run, hoping to get into the room before the Emperor or the audience rose, for I was a swift runner. At full momentum, I turned sharply into the corridor leading into the large room, when, to my horror, there was the Emperor of Japan within three feet of me. Before I could check myself I was so near that I actually felt his breath upon me. Had it been

one moment before, I should certainly have struck him in full tilt, and he would have been knocked over and possibly his breath taken out of him. In all probability I should then have felt the power of the Japanese sword. I should have been killed before I could explain, for those were the days when courtiers still carried "the invincible slender blade."

In such a moment thought is very active. I was tremendously scared. I realized for the first time what the scripture means, "My moisture is turned into the drought of summer." My tongue seemed as dry as a bone left in the desert sands. What should I do? I could have fallen on my knees and put my head, not in the dust, for the mats were immaculate, but on the *tatami*; but then I had never accustomed myself to kneel except to God and my mother.

But what should I do that was not impolite? I could have smashed the flimsy partitions, made of thin lattice-work of wood pasted over with paper, and tumbled out of sight, but this would have created an excitement. It seemed to me in that moment I thought of and dismissed several plans, and never will I forget that piercing look of the Emperor. He seemed not at all startled, but was apparently wondering what in the world this crazy

foreigner was going to do. Like a lightning-flash came to me the remembrance of a little narrow corridor off to the right that opened into a garden. It was then closed by a sliding frame of wood and paper. The time in split seconds did not allow me to practice court etiquette and retire with my face toward the ruler of "all under heaven." Sorrowfully must I acknowledge that I turned my back upon Majesty, quickly slid aside the *shoji*—fortunately, it was not locked—slammed it shut, and, darting down the corridor, got out into the garden, and then ran, never slacking my steps till I was inside my own castle, denying myself even the sight of the departing pageant.

When, a few weeks later, in Tokio, at a military parade, I stood within five or six feet of the Emperor's carriage, and acknowledged the bow which he made to the foreigners, among whom I was standing, I am sure that I appreciated the courtesy more than any one else in the group. Whether through conceit or a guilty conscience, I thought he recognized me. I saw his Majesty many times after this, and three of the occasions were notable.

The first was at the opening of the initial railway in Japan—no, I mean the second. The first railway, a mile long,



GARDEN OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE

was laid on the strand at Yokohama by Commodore Perry and his engineers. Though temporary, like the telegraph and the exhibition of American inventions, its length, one mile, was respectable. Over this one of Baldwin's toy locomotives, yet real and powerful, drew a passenger-car, on which—on the roof—a big Japanese officer actually rode. How impressive that, in less than twenty years, the once hermit Emperor, with his capital now in the once Far East of Japan, was opening a railway connecting the metropolis with the seaport where Perry's first railway was exhibited! Among the many pageants of this day, to me the most impressive sight of all was when four merchants actually stood in the presence of the Emperor to receive his gracious welcome, while not long afterward his Majesty was a guest under the roof of another of this once despised class. To-day merchants may be peers, legislators, and sharers of the Emperor's councils.

The next time I saw the Emperor was in audience at the palace on New Year's Day, January 1, 1873, when a few of the leading foreign gentlemen in the upper grades of the Government service were invited to the throne-room. The company, though not large, was one of international variety, consisting of German surgeons (one of whom had served a white, a black, and a brown emperor), who held jauntily their spiked helmets, with Frenchmen near by to enjoy, privately, real scowls; a stately Chinese professor in silk, American gentlemen in academic robes or in swallow-tails, and several military men with golden bombshells embroidered in bullion on their coat-flaps. Probably ten nationalities were represented in the score or so of those who, as heads of their departments, were to be honored. We waited a while in the adjoining room of the palace, a building of wonderful simplicity compared with what one was used to seeing in Europe. Then we took our places in the throne-room, at the farther end of which was an imposing-looking chair, its front posts or supports in the form of Korean lions, or dog-like creatures that seemed to be of gold. About a score of Japanese court officers, standing in two rows, flanked the throne. These gentlemen were robed in antique style, and suggested the figures on playing-cards, for the colors were more

numerous than those in the spectrum of the rainbow. Everything about them looked mediævally Japanese, except that their feet were shod with congress gaiters. The Emperor entered in his flowing robes of red and white, with the usual black cap and broad band of gold rising above it into the air, and took his seat on the throne.

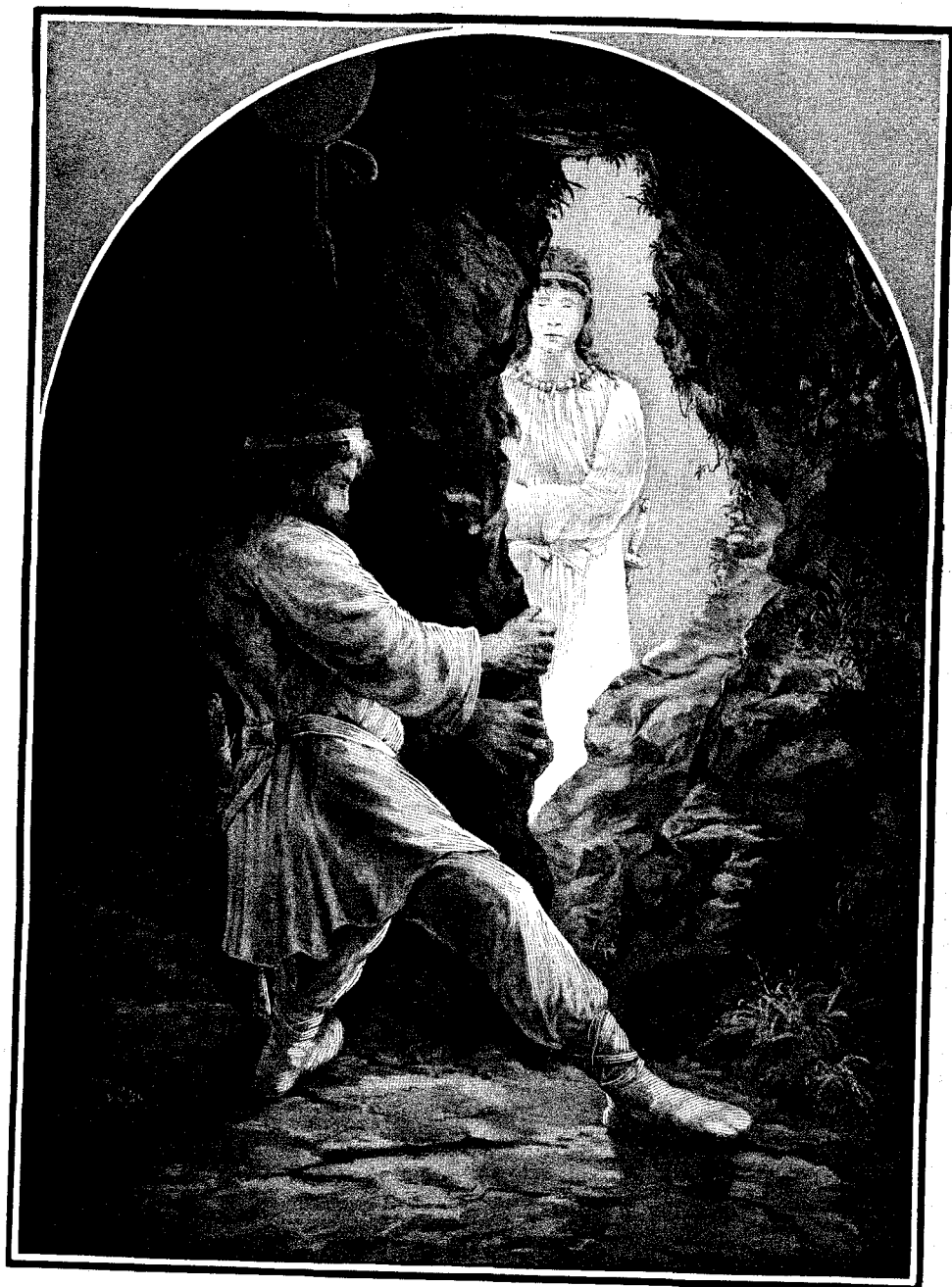
After a session of not more than two minutes, following an address from the chamberlain, the Emperor rose and took his departure. To myself, although the honor was perhaps higher, the intrinsic pleasure was not so great as on occasions when, with less formality, there seemed to be more personality.

On the day of the opening of the new and handsome buildings of the Imperial University, October 9, 1873, besides being present during the hour given to the students' exercises before their sovereign, I had the privilege of standing within four or five feet of him. This time the young sovereign himself read an address expressing his pleasure at meeting his guests who were building up education in his domain. I had learned by this time to appreciate that very musical Japanese language which inserts a vowel after every consonant, especially when uttered with a clear and resonant voice, and I am bound to say that I do not see how an elocutionist or an actor could have read the address more interestingly, albeit the Japanese cadence and rhythm are not in our style. It was to me a thrilling moment. For over seven hundred years the Emperor of Japan had been secluded and invisible, and, with all his sacredness, rather a chess figure in the game of politics as moved from Yedo than an actual ruler. I could not but feel the thrill that the young men of new Japan felt as they, with their Emperor, set their faces to the future, realizing that they were marching with him to win the world's admiration.

The Emperor was this time dressed in foreign costume, which fitted him well and gave him an appearance of impressive height. Indeed, he is considerably taller than the average of his subjects. The lower part of his face is not as handsome as the upper, and one's first impression is that he is not as good-looking as many of his subjects. Yet the whole stamp and expression of his countenance is that of a

祝帝國會議開會

開天巖戸之圖



THE SUN GODDESS

The Mythological Ancestress of the Mikado.

highly intelligent man, with keen perception and well-balanced intellectual powers. I count among my treasures one of the documents which he held in his hand, and from which he read on this occasion.

The mass of the Japanese people never speak of the Mikado by his personal name, which is rarely used. It is probable that unless the sense of personality which is now making mighty progress in Japan shall keep on increasing, he will be known, after his decease, as the Meiji Tenno. The current chronological period, which began on the 25th of January, 1868, the year Mutsuhito began his reign, is named Meiji, Enlightened Peace or Civilization, and to Japanese has associations similar to the Victorian era in Great Britain. Even the term Mikado is not now used by natives, except in poetry and on grand occasions. Nevertheless, people outside of Japan, who have some difficulty in remembering the world's string of emperors, some of them very commonplace indeed, will always use the beautiful, dignified, appropriate, and thoroughly characteristic title Mikado.

It is now nearly thirty-five years since Mutsuhito began not only to reign but to govern. During this period he has seen the rise and fall of a great many politicians, and the death of many competent and incompetent men. He has been surrounded by different sets of native helpers and foreign advisers, and has learned to know the different kinds of people and political structures that there are in the world. He has thus cultivated his own independence of mind. He has seen his people turn their faces away from China toward Christendom, and has beheld among them action and reaction, the waves of pro-foreignism and anti-foreignism ebbing and flowing. At one time blind imitation of the alien was in fashion, and again revival of Japanese customs. Even dead Chinese methods have been for a short time galvanized into life, but all talk of a republic died long ago. Nevertheless, Chauvinism lives. The ferocious *ronin* of early treaty days, with his notions of honor and majesty as grotesque and exaggerated as the decayed chivalry of Don Quixote, has given way to the *soshi*, the half-baked patriot, the miseducated boy, who pesters Cabinet Ministers with unbidden interviews, and,

out of consuming love to the Emperor, wants to advise him as to State policy. It is this sort of wild beast that disgraces the nation by hacking at the Czar and shooting at Li-Hung-Chang. Not a few of the Mikado's most trusted Ministers have gone down under the assassin's sword, and even dynamite has not been unknown as a weapon of politics. But all this is ancient history. Mutinies in the army, division and disaffection in the Cabinet, have been outlived. In the many times of real danger to the nation both from within and without—always almost wholly from within—a firm hand and a clear head within the palace has brought order out of chaos and courage out of fear, and the recalcitrants, whether civil or military, have been won to obedience and fresh loyalty.

Were they trying years from 1868 to 1874? None the less so were those of the next fifteen years, when the government was, perhaps of necessity, in the grip of an oligarchy from two or three clans. This, with the postponement of the promise to call a national deliberative assembly, made bitter feelings. A few great rebellions and many uprisings on a small scale, which required the expenditure of blood and treasure, had to be put down. Yet along with the terrible mailed hand of power went a constant stream of mercy and forgiveness.

At last, after years of study and preparation in local and national practice, and four months' debate on the instrument itself in the Privy Council, the Emperor gave to his people that magnificent constitution which will take its place among the greatest documents of modern times. Besides written guarantees for the freedom of conscience and the abundant rights and privileges of subjects, Mutsuhito's example tended to the elevation of woman. During the public festivities of the promulgation he rode side by side with the Empress in an open carriage.

Over ten years of constitutional government have passed by. During this time the passionate instincts of clanship have been transformed into real patriotism through loyalty to the one constant master of the situation, the Emperor, who, through all dangers, has led forward the empire unswervingly in the path of progress. When, in 1894, the whole country rose as

one man to resist treaty-breaking China, the results astonished the stranger, but not those who knew the Japanese by intimate knowledge. Then Mutsuhito left his comfortable quarters and pleasant gardens in Tokio, in which he spends so much time in study, exercise, and the enjoyment of nature, and went to the far southwest at Hiroshima. Besides giving personal care to the comfort of his brave soldiers on ship and shore, and to the varied operations by land and sea, he lived during several months almost as plainly as his servants in camp and field.

Returning to Tokio, the special monument of happy welcome from his subjects was a pavilion of *kiri* leaves such as form his personal crest. The *kiri* is a tree which does not grow in the forest or in clumps with other trees, but stands augustly by itself, and is thus the symbol of the Emperor. His other crest or *mon*, the conventional form of the chrysanthemum, is used not only in decoration of the palace and imperial property, but was formerly the particular emblem of the soldier. Now, however, yellow bands and the star mark the cap of the Japanese warrior.

Twice a year the Emperor gives a garden party in the palace grounds in Tokio to which foreigners of distinction are invited. He spends a few minutes among them, usually uttering some words of address. On state occasions he receives and talks with the foreign envoys. One of these who saw him only a short time ago declares that the Emperor, at forty-four, had "a very plain but interesting face. The lower part is impassive; but the eyes are piercingly brilliant, and the brow that of a thinker." He is of medium height, and has a good figure which is shown to advantage, as he holds himself extremely well. He looked very dignified in his martial uniform, covered as it is with splendid decoration."

Mutsuhito has celebrated his own silver wedding anniversary, as well as the marriage of his son, the Crown Prince. One of the most characteristic of the many anecdotes told of him shows how strongly he can feel. The Czar of Russia

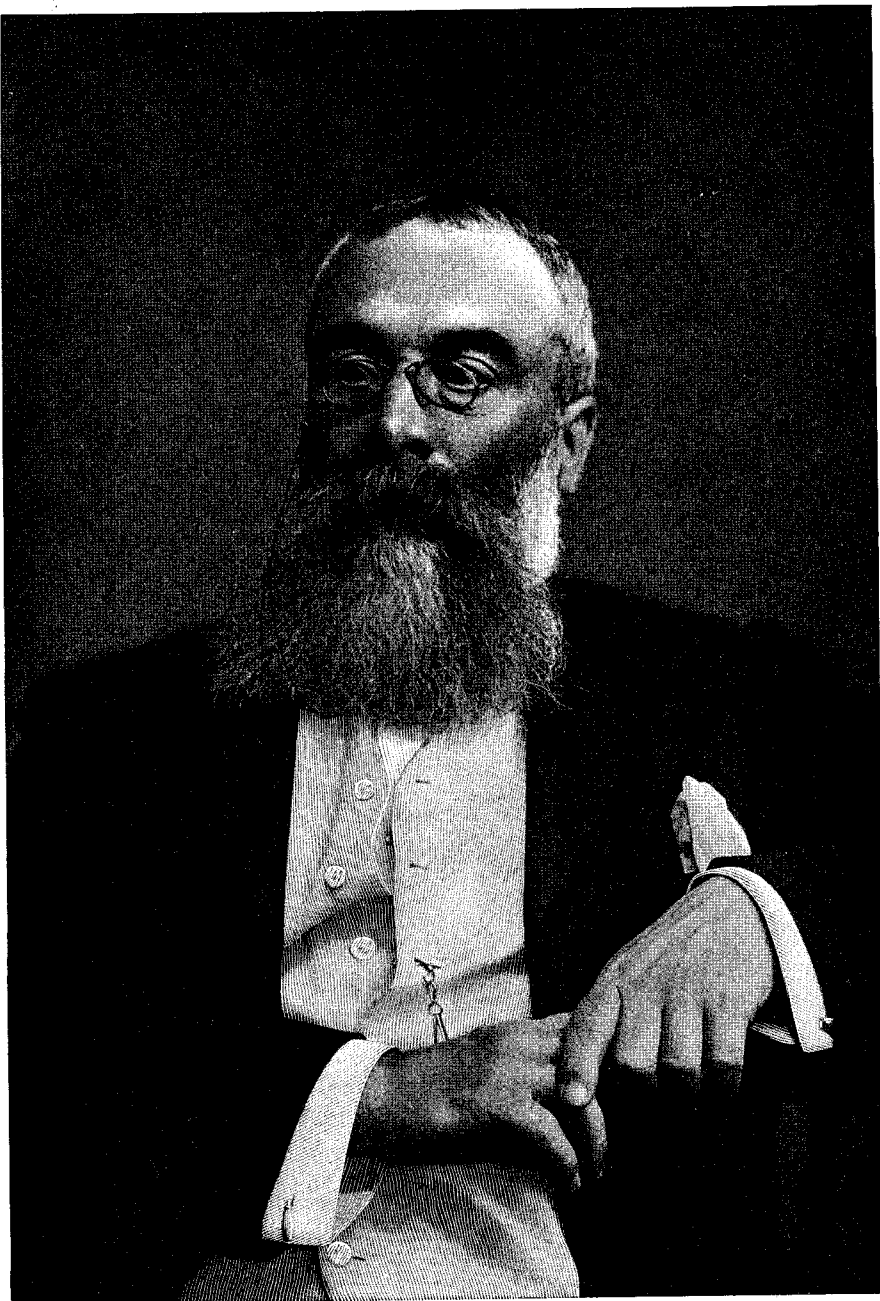
feared for the personal safety of his son when in Japan in 1891, and the Russian Minister told the Mikado so. The answer made by Mutsuhito aroused the indignation of some of the Japanese, not at their sovereign, but at the apparent necessity in the case. "I take," said the Mikado, "personal responsibility for the Czarevitch's visit. His person shall be as sacred as my own. I answer for his safety with my own honor."

When, after all extreme precautions had been taken, a fanatical policeman—the last one expected to do such a thing—drew his sword and wounded the future Emperor of Russia, the Mikado, in his grief, went personally on board the Russian man-of-war and made apology to the young man who is now Nicholas II., Czar of Russia, thus redeeming his pledge. He then sent word to the judges who tried the criminal that the wretched man must be executed at once. Here the Mikado ran against the limitations which he had himself provided, for he had granted a constitution in which it is promised that criminals shall be judged and condemned according to law. When the judges refused to do otherwise than administer the laws, the Emperor was pleased with their justice and courage, and commended them highly.

During the past half-decade the personality of the Mikado has been even more manifest to his Ministers, in the Diet, to his guests at the garden parties given semi-annually, in spring and autumn, in time of cherry-blooms and chrysanthemums. In this last session of the House of Peers in 1901, his influence solved the problem of partisanship against national interests.

Simple in his tastes, a lover of what is best for Japan, patient and masterful, loving his people, and fond of all things beautiful, Mutsuhito is the man for the hour and the century. May the *kiri* tree flourish yet many years, and long may it be before the *sakaki* branches are waved in *memoriam* of Japan's twentieth-century Emperor.

Banzai! Banzai!



SIR WALTER BESANT

The Founder of the People's Palace

By Elbert F. Baldwin

SIR Walter Besant was a short, stout, thick-set man. His hair was iron-gray, he wore a full beard and had a ruddy face. His large, clear eyes looked at you through gold-rimmed spectacles. His manner was simple and sincere; his words were direct and to the point. He was a type of the John Bull whom we all love. He was not the caricature John Bull, thick-skinned, slow-witted, narrow-minded. Like that somewhat exaggerated type, he was full-blooded and hard-fisted and aggressive; unlike it, he had a responsive nature, a quick fancy, and a breadth of vision which we do not always associate with Englishmen.

Of all squares in the West Center of London, Soho seems the most attractive; and of all corners of Soho, the pleasantest seems that occupied by the old house of Messrs. A. & C. Black, the well-known publishers. Surrounded by many books and papers, in his own study, up one flight from the counting-room, Sir Walter Besant was wont to sit, day by day, writing assiduously. When he had finished his task, he would perhaps go to one of his clubs, the Athenæum, the United University, the Savile, or the Authors, but more probably to his own charming home at Froggnal End, Hampstead (really and appropriately Home-stead). Hampstead is the highest and healthiest of London suburbs. The Besant house, a cheery brick structure of architectural attractiveness, stands at the end of a long stretch of greensward out of which rise some fine trees. The view from the library windows was restful, and inside that library there was a remarkable collection of books covering every age and phase of its owner's hobby, the history of London. Indeed, a principal labor of his later years has been the preparation of an exhaustive encyclopædia of London on the lines of Stow's original survey. Froggnal End is but a stone's-throw from Hampstead Heath.

No one could enjoy Sir Walter Besant's hospitality without carrying away a vivid memory. One evening we went over to Jack Straw's Castle for dinner, that old

inn where Addison, Steele, and Pope used to hold meetings of the Kit Kat Club, a hostelry also loved by Keats and Leigh Hunt and Tennyson and Dickens and George du Maurier. On that particular night Sir Walter had a great round table drawn close to the window overlooking the Heath. The high, shrill voices of some boys who had been playing cricket on the green were dying away in the distance, and the hundreds of acres of billowy turf and foliage—the most elevated stretch near London—were quiet in the gathering shadows. The sunset gave place to the stars, lighting gently the large sphere of heaven and earth open before our eyes. It was all a grateful relief from the busy world of London, and in such wise we enjoyed Sir Walter's turbot and strawberries and champagne. Every Englishman present was interesting in himself, and because of some peculiarly interesting work. It was a privilege for a stranger within their gates to sit and listen; but each Briton, with quite a Yankee pertinacity, "wanted to know" something about America. Sir Walter, keen on any subject, was the keenest of all the diners on the subject of America. He had been there, had known many Americans, had anyway and always been an enthusiast in promoting the friendship between England and America, and especially had he shown it in using his very exceptional and accurate knowledge of the conditions obtaining in the book-markets of London and New York to bring about international copyright—perhaps not so much for its own sake as to emphasize the solidarity of the traditions of English and American literature. On the very day of his death, indeed, he was to have presided at the Atlantic Union's banquet; he was one of the organizers of the Union. He was at once the most English and the least insular of Englishmen.

Then at midnight, under the full moon, we let ourselves in at the Froggnal garden gate again, but our host would not allow us to go to bed until we had smoked a pipe and had a glass of

something and each had told a good-night story. Sir Walter's was the best of the lot, of course. Whether his talk was founded on fact or fancy, it was essentially worth while. As the physical Walter Besant gave the impression of "heart of oak," so did his conversation; there was not a "cranky," morbid, or meaningless thing about it. His talk accorded exactly with that firm, hard, earnest grasp of the hand with which he first welcomed you. No one could look into his eye and feel that there was shadow of turning in his character.

As was Sir Walter's character, so was his work. Rarely have a novelist's books better reflected a novelist's personality. Despite some later ventures which do not rise in point of charm to his earlier romances, despite apparent over-attention paid to certain phases of thought—as to the subject of heredity, for instance, in "The Changeling" or in "The Fourth Generation"—despite the desire that he might write less prodigiously and not spread out his stories thinly; despite the wish that he might return to the peculiar vividness and vivacity of "The Children of Gibeon," for example, the world's verdict will probably be that Sir Walter Besant never wrote an unwholesome or an unentertaining book.

This will be the verdict in the face of the fact that, turning out novels by the score at a rapid rate, some of them might doubtless have been improved by condensation. But their excellence was the excellence of Sir Walter's own character and conversation—a spontaneous bluntness, a hitting out from the shoulder, an apparently entire absence of midnight oil and worked-up effects, along with the steady stream of his constant if not too compactly finished labors. Take "The Bell of St. Paul's," for instance; no one can read its Dickens-like descriptions of London and London life and not feel that it was written, not only by a man who knew all about London and all about life, but had also been dashed off at a rattling pace; it comes to us many years after it was published with all the freshness of wet ink on a damp page.

Even in those superb volumes describing London itself we see that its ancient monuments and buildings were to Walter Besant something more than mere archæo-

logical studies; with close knowledge and quick fancy and historical assimilation he reconstructed first the sights and scenes, and then the varied and pulsating life of former days. These three monumental volumes on London (to which he has probably left enough material for a fourth) are unique; they have equal worth as studies in archæology and as transcripts of life.

Sir Walter Besant's transcripts of life meant entire justice to all classes—high and low, rich and poor. In his passion for humanizing society, paupers and princes were ever alike to him, for he was one of the few Londoners equally at home in the East End and the West End. He knew as much about the anarchist holding Sunday afternoon meetings at Victoria Park and the riff-raff who gathered to listen as he did about the Earl of Rosebery at Berkeley Square—and that was a great deal. The world has many, and it always has had many, fine examples of goodness, gentleness, culture, knowledge, men who lead the world in sweetness and light—the West End type; it has had other men, great-hearted, large-minded, indomitably-willed, men of initiative and earnest purpose who never rest content until they burrow beneath the surface of all sorts of life, men who take an intelligent and all-round look into the malevolence as well as into the benevolence of the world. These are "East Enders" like Arnold Toynbee, Canon Barnett, and the present Bishop of London. Both types are needed, but in Sir Walter Besant both types were united, and few men have united them with greater balance.

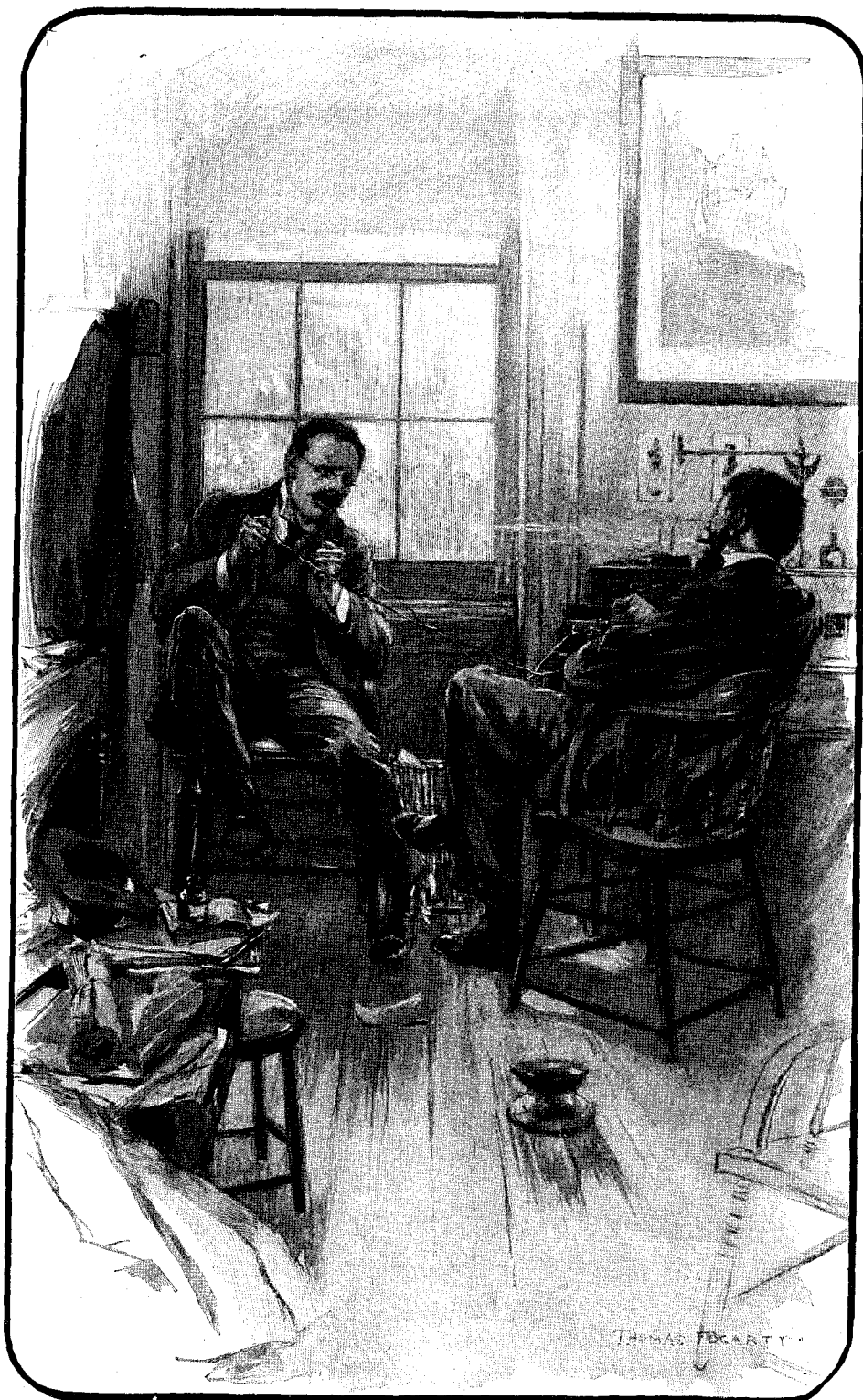
It was this juxtaposition, combined with brilliant attainments in literature, that in 1895 induced Lord Rosebery, then Prime Minister, wishing as a literary man to distinguish other literary men, to propose a knighthood for Walter Besant. The Queen granted it, and rarely was knighthood more worthily bestowed. Walter Besant was the soul of chivalry, but he was no visionary Don Quixote; his feet rested on solid earth; he was entirely practical, a man of hard "horse sense." Hence he was the best sort of a latter-day knight in his quick, generous impulse to take up the cudgels for any downtrodden class—the babies, for instance, for whom he established day nurseries; the children

for whom he founded kindergartens; the rough boys and slatternly girls on the street, for whom he provided clubs and recreation grounds and free libraries and manual training shops and co-operative schools; the men and women for whom he instituted various social settlements; the sick and suffering, for whom he induced double hospital endowment and accommodation; the struggling beginners in his own profession, for whom he founded and edited the magazine called "The Author." For them he doughtily battled with publishers. He believed that the booksellers should publish for themselves. Publishers, as we know them, he called "mere middlemen." "But if they must stay with us," he was wont to exclaim, "they should have no more than an equal share with the author and the bookseller."

Many an otherwise dull author has also been beholden to Sir Walter, not only in such things material, but also in things spiritual. Not the most original or the most powerful of writers, he yet understood how to fire other men to higher flights, while he was also ameliorating the physical conditions under which they lived. He inspired other men besides young authors. He inspired Canon Shuttleworth to found, not only smoking concerts and dramatic representations, but also such wonderful musical services at St. Nicholas's—that quaint church in the "City"—that the prosaic population found out what poetry was; he inspired the great Watts to decorate both the outside and inside of St. Jude's with like result. In this particular double accomplishment, as in all else, Sir Walter succeeded because he had the scorn of a practical man for everything smacking of the mere doctrinaire or the mere sentimentalist. His character was stimulating, not only in its genial self, but because of his intimate practical knowledge of life and because of his will to do well. It is sufficient for a magnet simply to be, but this magnet had mind and will as well as heart; thus he moved other men to good works. For instance, when he described the squalor of the submerged tenth in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and

then pictured in glowing fancy a "Palace of Delight"—a People's Palace, costing half a million dollars—it became not long after a beneficent reality, as its foundation inscription reads, "for the recreation and amusement, the intellectual and material advancement, of the vast artisan population of the East End." Perhaps not as much of a success as its novelist-founder had hoped, at all events, since its opening by Queen Victoria in 1887, such a change in the Mile-End Road district is noted as to make one deem Sir Walter's the most considerable attempt towards civilizing the dreary East End, a region with a population nearly as large as that of the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn combined. The evening classes at the Palace are attended by three to four thousand students, and thousands of other persons frequent the entertainments, exhibitions, concerts, and dances which take place constantly, in consonance with Sir Walter's ideal. This ideal is also being fulfilled in the successful operation of an open-air recreation ground and gymnasium, a covered garden and gymnasium, schools of needlework and cookery for the girls, and, for the boys, technical and trade schools, together with a valuable reference library. Whatever movement promised real, practical betterment, that movement instantly challenged Sir Walter's interest and support. He was not content with merely allowing his name to be used—he gave himself; he presided at meetings, served on committees, worked on hospital boards, distributed prizes to school-children and to athletes, to flower-garden winners and to debaters; set literary men to the fore by an Incorporated Society of Authors; in any way and in every way he forcefully put his shoulder to the wheel which makes the world go round.

His death removes a particularly good story-writer and a very great interpreter of London life as it has been lived in every age; but his death removes far more than this: it takes from us a real social force in the life of this present day. The world is better because he lived in it; the world always needs such men.



“‘ABOUT THAT INTERVIEW, NOW,’ HE DRAWLED”

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN¹

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter IX.—Life in Mulberry Street

IT was well that I stopped to make explanations before I took hold in my new office. Mighty little time was left me after. What the fight was about to which I felt heir I have long since forgotten. Mulberry Street in those days was prone to such things. Somebody was always fighting somebody else for some fancied injury or act of bad faith in the gathering of the news. For the time being they all made common cause against the reporter of the "Tribune," who also represented the local bureau of the Associated Press. They hailed the coming of "the Dutchman" with shouts of derision, and decided, I suppose, to finish me off while I was new. So they pulled themselves together for an effort, and within a week I was so badly "beaten" in the Police Department, in the Health Department, in the Fire Department, the Corner's office, and the Excise Bureau, all of which it was my task to cover, that the manager of the Associated Press called me down town to look me over. He reported to the "Tribune" that he did not think I would do. But Mr. Shanks told him to wait and see. In some way I heard of it, and that settled it that I was to win. I might be beaten in many a battle, but how could I lose the fight with a general like that?

And, indeed, in another week it was their turn to be called down to give an account of themselves. The "Dutchman" had stolen a march on them. I suppose it was to them a very astounding thing, yet it was perfectly simple. Their very strength, as they held it to be, was their weakness. They were a dozen against one, and each one of them took it for granted that the other eleven were attending to business and that he need not exert himself overmuch. A good many years

after, I had that experience as a member of a board of twelve trustees, each one of whom had lent his name but not his work to the cause we were supposed to represent. When we met at the end of that season, and heard how narrow had been the escape from calamity due to utter lack of management, a good Methodist brother put in words what we were each and every one of us thinking about.

"Brethren," he said, "so far as I can make out, but for the interposition of a merciful Providence we should all be in jail, as we deserve. Let us pray!"

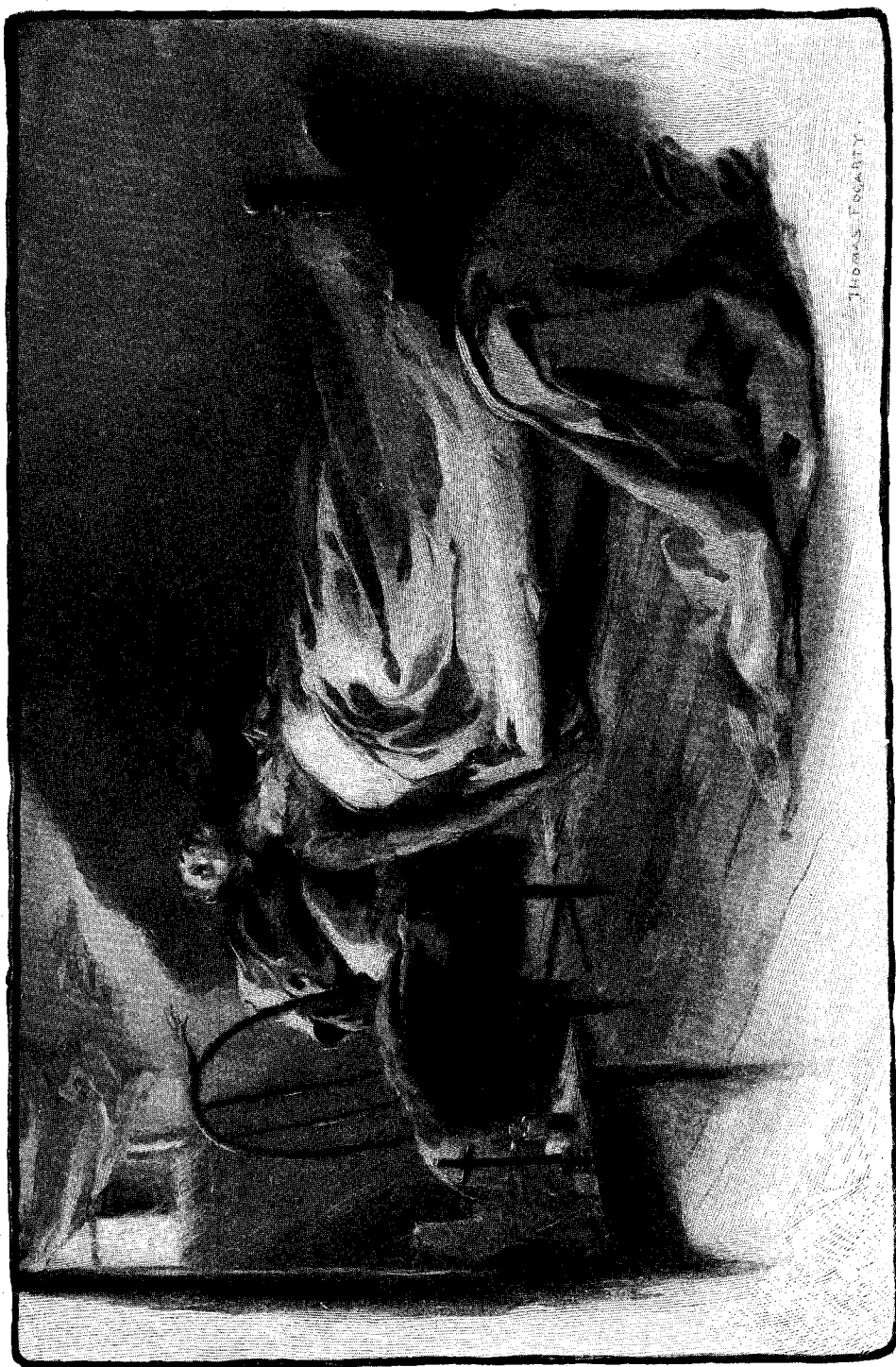
I think that prayer was more than lip-service with most of us. I know that I registered a vow that I would never again be trustee of anything without trusteeing it in fact. And I have kept the vow.

But to return to Mulberry Street. The immediate result of this first victory of mine was a whirlwind onslaught on me, fiercer than anything that had gone before. I expected it and met it as well as I could, holding my own after a fashion. When, from sheer exhaustion, they let up to see if I was still there, I paid them back with two or three "beats" I had stored up for the occasion. And then we settled down to the ten years' war for the mastery, out of which I was to come at last fairly the victor, and with the only renown I have ever coveted or cared to have, that of being the best reporter in Mulberry Street. I have so often been asked in later years what my work was there,¹ and how I found there the point of view from which I wrote my books, that I suppose I shall have to go somewhat into the details of it.

The police reporter on a newspaper, then, is the one who gathers and handles all the news that means trouble to some one: the murders, fires, suicides, robberies, and all that sort, before it gets into court. He has an office in Mulberry

¹ I say was, only in the last twelvemonth have I grasped Mr. Dana's meaning in calling his reporters his "young men." They need to be that. I, for one, have grown too old.

¹ Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.



“THE BARE ROOM IN WHICH LAY DYING A FRENCH NOBLEMAN”
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

Street, across from Police Headquarters, where he receives the first intimation of the trouble through the precinct reports. Or else he does not receive it. The police do not like to tell the public of a robbery or a safe "cracking," for instance. They claim that it interferes with the ends of justice. What they really mean is that it brings ridicule or censure upon them to have the public know that they do not catch every thief, or even most of them. They would like that impression to go out, for police work is largely a game of bluff. Here, then, is an opportunity for the "beats" I speak of. The reporter who, through acquaintance, friendship, or natural detective skill, can get that which it is the policy of the police to conceal from him, wins. It may seem to many a reader a matter of no great importance if a man should miss a safe-burglary for his paper; but reporting is a business, a very exacting one at that, and if he will stop a moment and think what it is he instinctively looks at first in his morning paper, even if he has schooled himself not to read it through, he will see it differently. The fact is that it is all a great human drama in which these things are the acts that mean grief, suffering, revenge upon somebody, loss or gain. The reporter who is behind the scenes sees the tumult of passions, and not rarely a human heroism that redeems all the rest. It is his task so to portray it that we can all see its meaning, or at all events catch the human drift of it, not merely the foulness and the reek of blood. If he can do that, he has performed a signal service, and his murder story may easily come to speak more eloquently to the minds of thousands than the sermon preached to a hundred in the church on Sunday.

Of the advantages that smooth the way to news-getting I had none. I was a stranger, and I was never distinguished for detective ability. But good hard work goes a long way toward making up for lack of genius; and I mentioned only one of the opportunities for getting ahead of my opponents. They were lying all about us. Any seemingly innocent slip sent out from the police telegraph office across the way recording a petty tenement-house fire might hide a fire-bug, who always makes shuddering appeal to our fears; the finding of John Jones sick and destitute in

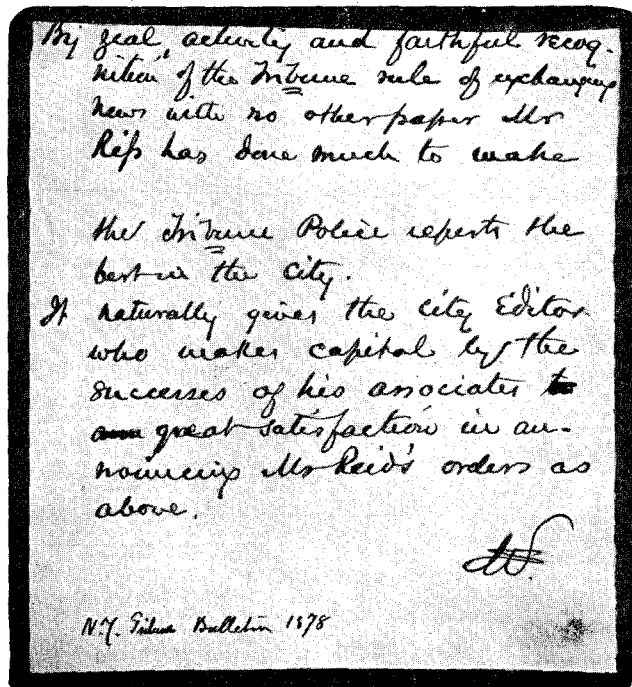
the street meant, perhaps, a story full of the deepest pathos. Indeed, I can think of a dozen now that did. I see before me, as though it were yesterday, the desolate Wooster Street attic, with wind and rain sweeping through the bare room in which lay dying a French nobleman of proud and ancient name, the last of his house. He was one of my early triumphs. New York is a queer town. The grist of every hopper in the world comes to it. I shall not soon forget the gloomy tenement in Clinton Street where that day a poor shoemaker had shot himself. His name, Struensee, had brought me over. I knew there could not be such another. That was where my Danish birth stood me in good stead. I knew the story of Christian VII.'s masterful minister; of his fall and trial on the charge of supplanting his master in the affections of the young and beautiful Queen, sister of George III. Very old men told yet, when I was a boy, of that dark day when the proud head fell under the executioner's ax in the castle square—dark for the people whose champion Struensee had tried to be. My mother was born and reared in the castle at Elsinore where the unhappy Queen, disgraced and an outcast, wrote on the window-pane of her prison cell: "Lord, keep me innocent; make others great." It was all a familiar story to me, and when I sat beside that dead shoemaker and, looking through his papers, read there that the tragedy of a hundred years before was his family story, I knew that I held in my hands the means of paying off all accumulated scores to date.

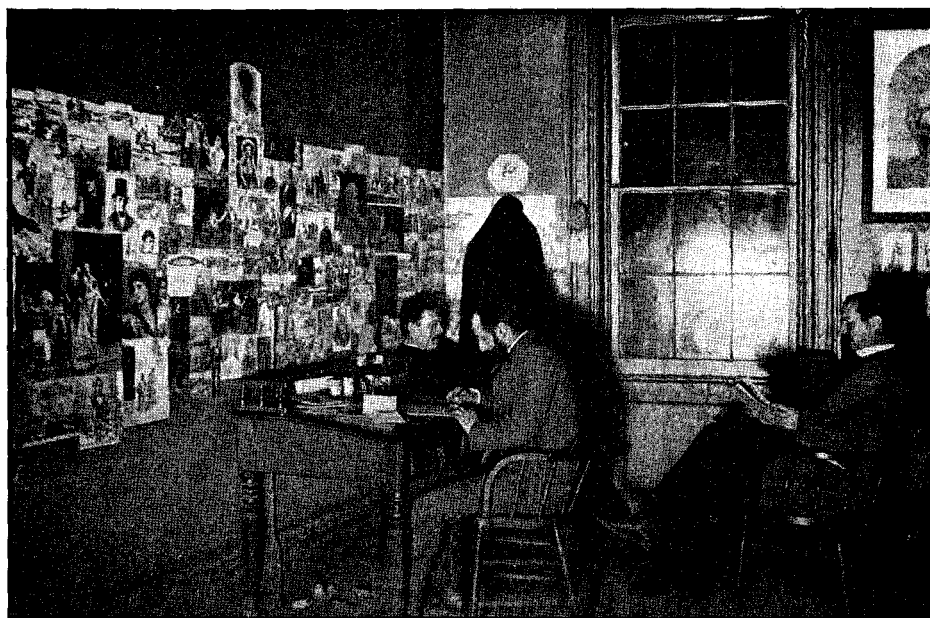
Did I settle in full? Yes, I did. I was in a fight not of my own choosing, and I was well aware that my turn was coming. I hit as hard as I knew how, and so did they. When I speak of "triumphs," it is professionally. There was no hard-heartedness about it. We did not gloat over the misfortunes we described. We were reporters, not ghouls. There lies before me as I write a letter that came in the mail this afternoon from a woman who bitterly objects to my diagnosis of the reporter's as the highest and noblest of all callings. She signs herself "a sufferer from reporters' unkindness," and tells me how in the hour of her deep affliction they have trodden upon her heart. Can I not, she asks, encourage a

public sentiment that will make such reporting disreputable? All my life I have tried to do so, and, in spite of the evidence of yellow journalism to the contrary, I think we are coming nearer to that ideal; in other words, we are emerging from savagery. Striving madly for each other's scalps as we were, I do not think that we scalped any one else unjustly. I know I did not. They were not particularly scrupulous, I am bound to say. In their rage and mortification at having underestimated the enemy, they did things unworthy of men and of reporters. They stole my slips in the telegraph office and substituted others that sent me off on a wild-goose chase to the farthest river wards in the midnight hour, thinking so to tire me out. But they did it once too often. I happened on a very important case on such a trip, and made the most of it, telegraphing down a column or more about it from the office, while the enemy watched me helplessly from the headquarters stoop across the way. When the report came in from the precinct at 2 A.M., it was too late for their papers, for there were no telephones in those days. I had the only telegraph wire. After that they gave up such tricks, and the "Tribune" saved

many cab fares at night; for there were no elevated railroads, either, in those days, or electric or cable cars.

On the other hand, this enterprise of ours was often of the highest service to the public. When, for instance, in following up a case of destitution and illness involving a whole family, I, tracing back the origin of it, came upon a party at which ham sandwiches had been the bill of fare, and upon looking up the guests found seventeen of the twenty-five sick with identical symptoms, it required no medical knowledge, but merely the ordinary information and training of the reporter, to diagnose trichinosis. The seventeen had half a dozen different doctors, who, knowing nothing of party or ham, were helpless and saw only cases of rheumatism or such like. I called as many of them as I could reach together that night, introduced them to one another and to my facts, and asked them what they thought then. What they thought made a sensation in my paper the next morning, and practically decided the fight, though the enemy was able to spoil my relish for the ham by reporting the poisoning of a whole family with a dish of depraved smelt while I was chasing up the trichinæ. However, I had





MY OFFICE AT THE "TRIBUNE" POLICE BUREAU IN MULBERRY STREET

my revenge. I walked in that afternoon upon Dr. Cyrus Edson at his microscope surrounded by my adversaries, who besought him to deny my story. The doctor looked quizzically at them and made reply:

"I would like to oblige you, boys, but how I can do it with those fellows squirming under the microscope I don't see. I took them from the flesh of one of the patients who was sent to Trinity Hospital to-day. Look at them yourself."

He winked at me, and, peering into his microscope, I saw my diagnosis more than confirmed. There were thousands of the little beasts curled up and burrowing in the speck of tissue. The unhappy patient died that week.

I might fill many pages with such stories, but I shall not attempt it. Do they seem mean and trifling in the retrospect? Not at all. They were my work, and I liked it. Besides, I got a good deal of fun out of it from time to time. I mind Dr. Bryant's parrot story. Dr. Joseph D. Bryant was Health Commissioner at the time, and though we rarely agreed about anything—there is something curious about that, that the men I have thought most of were quite often those with whom I disagreed ordinarily about everything—I can say truly that there have been few better Health Com-

missioners, and none for whom I have had a more hearty respect and liking. Dr. Bryant especially hated reporters. He was built that way; he disliked notoriety for himself and his friends, and therefore, when one of these complained of a neighbor's parrot to the Health Department, he gave strict orders that the story was to be guarded from the reporters, and particularly from me, who had grieved him more than once by publishing things which, in his opinion, I ought to have said nothing about. I heard of it within the hour, and promptly set my wit against the Doctor's to unearth the parrot.

But it would not come out. Dig as I might, I could not get at it. I tried every way, while the Doctor laughed in his sleeve and beamed upon me. At last, in desperation, I hit upon a bold plan. I would get it out of the Doctor himself. I knew his hours for coming to Sanitary Headquarters—from his clinics, I suppose. He always came up the stairs absorbed in thought, noticing nothing that passed. I waylaid him in the turn of the dark hall, and before he had time to think plumped at him an—

"Oh, Doctor! about that parrot of your friend—er-er, oh! what was his name?"

"Alley," said the Doctor, mechanically, and went in, only half hearing what I said. I made for the city directory.

There were four Alleys in it. In an hour I had located my man, and the next morning's "Tribune" had a column account of the tragedy of the parrot.

The Doctor was very angry. He went to Headquarters and summoned me solemnly before the assembled Board. The time had come, he said, to have an explanation from me as to who it was that gave me information against orders and the public interest. Evidently there was a traitor in camp, by whatever means I had procured his treachery.

In vain did I try to show the Doctor how unprofessional my conduct would be in betraying my informant, even how contemptible. He was inexorable. This time I should not escape, nor my accomplice either. Out with it, and at once. With a show of regretful resignation, I gave in. For once I would break my rule and "tell on" my informant. I thought I detected a slight sneer on the Doctor's lip as he said that was well; for he was a gentleman, every inch of him, and I know he hated me for telling. The other Commissioners looked grave.

"Well, then," I said, "the man who gave me the parrot story was—you, Dr. Bryant."

The Doctor sat bolt upright with a jerk. "No bad jokes, Mr. Riis," he said. "Who gave you the story?"

"Why, you did. Don't you remember?" And I told how I waylaid him in the hall. His face, as the narrative ran on, was a study. Anger, mirth, offended pride, struggled there; but the humor of the thing got the upper hand in the end, and the one who laughed loudest in the Board room was Dr. Bryant himself. In my soul I believe that he was not a little relieved, for under a manner of much sternness he had the tenderest of hearts.

But it was not always I who came out ahead in the daily encounters which made up the routine of my day. It was an important part of my task to be on such terms with the heads of departments that they would talk freely to us so that we might know in any given case, or with reference to the policy of the department, "where we were at." I do not mean talk for publication. It is a common mistake of people who know nothing about the newspaper profession that reporters flit about public men like so many hawks, seizing upon what they can

find to publish as their lawful prey. No doubt there are such guerrillas, and they have occasionally more than justified their existence; but, as applied to the staff reporters of a great newspaper, nothing could be further from the truth. The department reporter has his field as carefully laid out for him every day as any physician who starts out on his route, and within that field, if he is the right sort of man, he is friend, companion, and often counselor to the officials with whom he comes in contact—always supposing that he is not fighting them in open war. He may serve a Republican paper and the President of the Police Board may be a Democrat of Democrats; yet in the privacy of his office he will talk as freely to the reporter as if he were his most intimate party friend, knowing that he will not publish what is said in confidence. This is the reporter's capital, without which he cannot in the long run do business.

I presume he is sometimes tempted to gamble with it for a stake. I remember well when the temptation came to me once after a quiet hour with Police Commissioner Matthews, who had been telling me the inside history of an affair which just then was setting the whole town by the ears. I told him that I thought I should have to print it; it was too good to keep. No, it wouldn't do, he said. I knew well enough he was right, but I insisted; the chance was too good a one to miss. Mr. Matthews shook his head. He was an invalid, and was taking his daily treatment with an electrical battery while we talked and smoked. He warned me laughingly against the consequences of what I proposed to do, and changed the subject.

"Ever try these?" he said, giving me the handles. I took them, unsuspecting, and felt the current tingle in my fingertips. The next instant it gripped me like a vise. I squirmed with pain.

"Stop!" I yelled, and tried to throw the things away; but my hands crooked themselves about them like a bird's claws and held them fast. They would not let go. I looked at the Commissioner. He was studying the battery leisurely, and slowly pulling out the plug that increased the current.

"For mercy's sake, stop!" I called to him. He looked up inquiringly.

"About that interview, now," he



"I RECOGNIZED HIM AT SIGHT AS GENERAL GRANT.
THE POLICEMAN WHO BLOCKED HIS WAY DID NOT"

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

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drawled. "Do you think you ought to print—"

"Wow, wow! Let go, I tell you!" It hurt dreadfully. He pulled the thing out another peg.

"You know it wouldn't do, really. Now, if—" He made as if to still further increase the current. I surrendered.

"Let up," I begged, "and I will not say a word. Only let up."

He set me free. He never spoke of it once in all the years I knew him, but now and again he would offer me, with a dry smile, the use of his battery as "very good for the health." I always declined with thanks.

I got into Mulberry Street at what might well be called the heroic age of police reporting. It rang still with the echoes of the unfathomed Charley Ross mystery. That year occurred the Stewart grave robbery and the Manhattan Bank burglary—three epoch-making crimes that each in its way made a sensation such as New York has not known since. For though Charley Ross was stolen in Philadelphia, the search for him centered in the metropolis. The three-million-dollar burglary within the shadow of Police Headquarters gave us Inspector Byrnes, who broke up the old gangs of crooks and drove those whom he did not put in jail over the sea to ply their trade in Europe. The Stewart grave robbery ended the career of the ghouls, and the Charley Ross case put a stop to child-stealing for a generation, by making those crimes unprofitable. The public excitement was so great that it proved impossible for the thieves to deliver the goods and effect the exchange for ransom. At intervals for years these cases kept turning up in one new phase or another. You could never tell where to look for them. Indeed, I have to thank the Stewart ghouls for the first public recognition that came to me in those early years of toil. Of all the mysteries that ever vexed a reporter's soul, that was the most agonizing. The police, most of the time, were as much in the dark as the rest of us, and nothing was to be got from that source. Heaven knows I tried. In our desperation we caught at every straw. One stormy night in the hottest of the excitement Judge Hilton, who had offered the \$50,000 reward for the stolen body on behalf of Mrs. Stewart, went to Headquarters and

stayed an hour in the detective office. When he came out, he was attended by two of the ablest detectives. Clearly something big was on foot. They were just like so many sphinxes, and went straight to the carriage that waited at the Mulberry Street door. I do not know how it ever entered my head; perhaps it didn't at all, but was just done mechanically. The wind had blown out the lamp on the steps, and the street was in profound darkness. As they stepped into the carriage, I, with only the notion in my head that here was news which must be got somehow, went in last and sank down in the vacant seat, pulling the door to after me. The carriage went on. To my intense relief, it rounded the corner. I was undiscovered! But at that moment it came to a sudden stop. An invisible hand opened the door, and, grasping my collar, gently but firmly propelled me into the street and dropped me there. Then the carriage went on. Not a word had been spoken. They understood and so did I. It was enough.

But, as I said, I had my revenge. It came when the opposition reporters, believing the mystery to be near its solution, entered into a conspiracy to forestall it and deliberately invented the lines of the coming dénouement. Day by day they published its progress "upon the authority of a high official" who never existed, announcing that behind each one of the grave-robbers "stood a detective with uplifted hand" ready to arrest him when the word was given. It was truly the dawn of yellow journalism. With such extraordinary circumstantiality were the accounts given that for once my office wavered in its faith in me. If I turned out to be wrong, I was given to understand, my career on the "Tribune" would be at an end. I slept little or none during that month of intense work and excitement, but spent my days as my nights sifting every scrap of evidence. There was nothing to justify the stories, and I maintained in my paper that they were lies. Mr. Shanks himself left the city desk and came up to work with us. His head, too, would fall, we heard, if his faith in the police office had been misplaced. The bubble burst at last, and, as I expected, there was nothing in it. The "Tribune" was justified. The other reporters were



“ THEN THE CARRIAGE WENT ON ”

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

fined or suspended. I was officially bulletined in the office as the man whose work had done much to “make the ‘Tribune’ police reports the best in the city.” I have that bulletin yet. My salary was raised, but that was of less account. We had saved the day and the desk. After that it was not all pulling up-stream in Mulberry Street. Nothing in this world succeeds like success.

Before that I had been once suspended myself for missing something in this very case. I was not to blame, and therefore was angry and refused to make explanations. That night, as I sat sulking in my home in Brooklyn, a big warehouse fire broke out down-town. From our house on the hill I watched it grow beyond control, and knew that the boys were hard put to it. It was late, and as I thought of the hastening hours the police reporter got the better of the man, and I hurried down to take a hand. When in the small hours of the morning I turned up in the office to write the story, the night editor eyed me curiously.

“I thought, Riis, you were suspended,” he said. For a moment I wavered, smarting under the injustice of it all. But my note-book reminded me.

“I am,” I said, “and when I am done with this I am going home till you send for me. But this fire—can I have a desk?”

The night editor got up and came over and shook hands. “Take mine,” he said. “There! take it!”

They sent for me the next day.

It is not to be supposed that all this was smooth sailing. Along with the occasional commendations for battles won against “the mob” went constant and grievous complaints of the editors supplied by the Associated Press, and even by some in my own office now and then, of my “style.” It was very bad, according to my critics, altogether editorial and presuming, and not to be borne. So I was warned that I must mend it and give the facts, sparing comments. By that I suppose they meant that I must write, not what I thought, but what they probably might think, of the news. But, good or bad, I could write in no other way, and kept right on. Not that I think, by any manner of means, that it was the best way, but it was mine. And goodness knows I had no desire to be an editor. I have not now. I prefer to be a reporter and deal with the facts to being an editor and lying about them. In the end the complaints died out. I suppose I was given up as hopeless.

Perhaps there had crept into my reports too much of my fight with the police. For by that time I had included them in “the opposition.” They had not been friendly from the first, and it was best so. I had them all in front then, and an open enemy is better any day than a false friend who may stab you in the back. In the quarter of a century since, I have seldom been on any other terms with the police. I mean with the heads of them. The rank and file, the man with the night-stick as Roose-

velt liked to call him, is all right, if properly led. He has rarely been properly led. So it may be that, in that respect at least, my reports might have been tempered somewhat to advantage. Though I don't know. I prefer, after all, to have it out, all out. And it did come out and my mind was relieved; which was something.

Speaking of night-sticks reminds me of seeing General Grant in his to my mind greatest hour, the only time he was ever beaten, and by a policeman. I told his son, Fred Grant, of it when he became a Police Commissioner in the nineties, but I do not think he appreciated it. He was not cast in his great father's mold. The occasion I refer to was after the General's second term in the Presidency. He was staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when one morning the Masonic Temple was burned. The fire-line was drawn half-way down the block toward Fifth Avenue, but the police were much hampered by the crowd, and were out of patience when I, standing by, saw a man in a great ulster with head buried deep in the collar, a cigar sticking straight out, coming down the street from the hotel. I recognized him at sight as General Grant. The policeman who blocked his way did not. He grabbed him by the collar, swung him about, and, hitting him a resounding whack across the back with his club, yelled out:

"What's the matter with you? Don't you see the fire lines? Chase yourself out of here, and be quick about it."

The General said never a word. He did not stop to argue the matter. He had run up against a sentinel, and when stopped went the other way. That was all. The man had a right to be there; he had none. I was never so much an admirer of Grant as since that day. It was true greatness. A smaller man would have made a row, stood upon his dignity, and demanded the punishment of the policeman. As for him, there was probably never so badly frightened a policeman when I told him whom he had clubbed. I will warrant he did not sleep for a week, fearing all kinds of things. No need of it. Grant probably never gave him a thought.

And now that this chapter, somewhat against my planning, has become wholly

the police reporter's, I shall have to bring up my *cause célèbre*, though that came a long while after my getting into Mulberry Street. I shall not have so good an opportunity again. It was the occasion of the last of my many battles for the mastery; but, more than that, it illustrates very well that which I have been trying to describe as a reporter's public function. We had been for months in dread of a cholera scourge that summer, when, mousing about the Health Department one day, I picked up the weekly analysis of the Croton water and noticed that there had been for two weeks past "a trace of nitrites" in the water. I asked the department chemist what it was. He gave an evasive answer, and my curiosity was at once aroused. There must be no unknown or doubtful ingredient in the water supply of a city of two million souls. Like Cæsar's wife, it must be above suspicion. Within an hour I had learned that the nitrites meant in fact that there had been at one time sewage contamination; consequently that we were face to face with a most grave problem. How had the water become polluted, and who guaranteed that it was not in that way even then, with the black death threatening to cross the ocean from Europe?

I sounded the warning in my paper, then the "Evening Sun," counseled the people to boil the water pending further discoveries, then took my camera and went up in the watershed. I spent a week there, following to its source every stream that discharged into the Croton River and photographing my evidence wherever I found it. When I told my story in print, illustrated with the pictures, the town was astounded. The Board of Health sent inspectors to the watershed, who reported that things were worse a great deal than I had said. Populous towns sewered directly into our drinking-water. There was not even a pretense at decency. The people bathed and washed their dogs in the streams. The public town dumps were on their banks. The rival newspapers tried to belittle the evil because their reporters were beaten. Running water purifies itself, they said. So it does, if it runs far enough and long enough. I put that matter to the test. Taking the case of a town some sixty miles out of New York, one of the worst

offenders, I ascertained from the engineer of the water-works how long it ordinarily took to bring water from the Sodom reservoir just beyond down to the housekeepers' faucets in the city. Four days, I think it was. Then I went to the doctors and asked them how many days a vigorous cholera bacillus might live and multiply in running water. About seven, said they. My case was made. There was needed but a single case of the dreaded scourge in any one of a dozen towns or villages that were on the line of travel from the harbor in which half a shipload were under quarantine, to put the metropolis at the mercy of an inconceivable calamity.

There was in all this no attempt at sensation. It was simple fact, as any one could see for himself. The health inspectors' report clinched the matter. The newspapers editorially abandoned their reporters to ridicule and their fate. The city had to purchase a strip of land along the streams wide enough to guard against direct pollution. It cost millions of dollars, but it was the merest trifle to what a cholera epidemic would have meant to New York in loss of commercial prestige, let alone human lives. The contention over that end of it was transferred to Albany, where the politicians took a hand. What is there they do not exploit? Years after, meeting one of them who knew my share in it, he asked me, with a wink and a confidential shove, "how much I got out of it." When I told him "nothing," I knew that upon my own statement he took me for either a liar or a fool, the last being considerably the worse of the two alternatives.

In all of this battlesome account I have said nothing about the biggest fight of all. I had that with myself. In the years that had passed I had never forgotten the sergeant in the Church Street police station, and my dog. It is the kind of thing you do not get over. Way back in my mind there was the secret thought, the day I went up to Mulberry Street, that my time was coming at last. And now it had come. I had a recognized place at Headquarters, and place in the police world means power, more or less. The backing of the "Tribune" had given me influence. More, I had conquered myself in my fights with the police. Enough for revenge! At the thought I flushed with anger. It

has power yet to make my blood boil, the thought of that night in the station-house.

It was then my great temptation came. No doubt the sergeant was still there. If not, I could find him. He was a German and easy to locate. I knew the day and hour when it all happened. They were burned into my brain. I had only to turn to the department records to find out who made out the returns on that October morning while I was walking the weary length of the trestle-work bridge across Raritan Bay, to have him within reach. There were a hundred ways in which I could hound him then, out of place and pay, even as he had driven me forth from the last poor shelter and caused my only friend to be killed.

Speak not to me of the sweetness of revenge! Of all unhappy mortals the vengeful man must be the most wretched. I suffered more in the anticipation of mine than ever I had when smarting under the injury, grievous as the memory of it is to me even now. Day after day I went across the street to begin the search. For hours I lingered about the record clerk's room where they kept the old station-house blotters, unable to tear myself away. Once I even had the one from Church Street in October, 1870, in my hands; but I did not open it. Even as I held it I saw another and a better way. I would kill the abuse, not the man who was but the instrument and the victim of it. For never was parody upon Christian charity more corrupting to human mind and soul than the frightful abomination of the police lodging-house, sole provision made by the municipality for its homeless wanderers. Within a year I have seen the process in full operation in Chicago, have heard a sergeant in the Harrison Street station there tell me, when my indignation found vent in angry words, that they "cared less for those men and women than for the cur dogs in the street." Exactly so! My sergeant was of the same stamp. Those dens, daily association with them, had stamped him. Then and there I resolved to wipe them out, bodily, if God gave me health and strength. And I put the book away quick and never saw it again. I do not know till this day who the sergeant was, and I am glad I do not. It is better so.

Of what I did to carry out my purpose,

and how it was done, I must tell hereafter. It was the source and beginning of all the work which justifies the writing of these pages; and among all the things which I have been credited with doing since it is one of the few in which I really bore a strong hand. And yet it was not mine which finally wrought that great work, but a stronger and better than mine, Theodore Roosevelt's. Even while writing this account we together drove in the last nail in the coffin of the bad old days, by persuading the Charter Revision Commission to remove from the organic law of the city the clause giving to the

police the care of vagrants, which was the cause of it all. It had remained over in the Charter of the Greater New York in spite of our protests. It was never the proper business of the police to dispense charity. They have their hands full with repressing crime. It is the mixing of the two that confuses standards and makes trouble without end for those who receive the "charity," and even more for those who dispense it. You cannot pervert the first and finest of human instincts without corrupting men: witness my sergeant in Church Street and his Chicago brother.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Jubilee Convention

of

Young Men's Christian Associations

By James M. Whiton

THE Boston Jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association, of which The Outlook gave some account last month, makes legitimate a glance at some notable historical parallels in the history of religious organizations.

During the recent centuries three of the most influential religious organizations the world has seen have been born of youthful enthusiasm blended with tireless energy and administrative genius. For a parallel to this we shall vainly search the annals of the ancient world, in which young men waiting for their elders to speak felt as Elihu in presence of Job's older friends:

I am young, and ye are very old;
Wherefore I held back, and durst not show
you mine opinion.

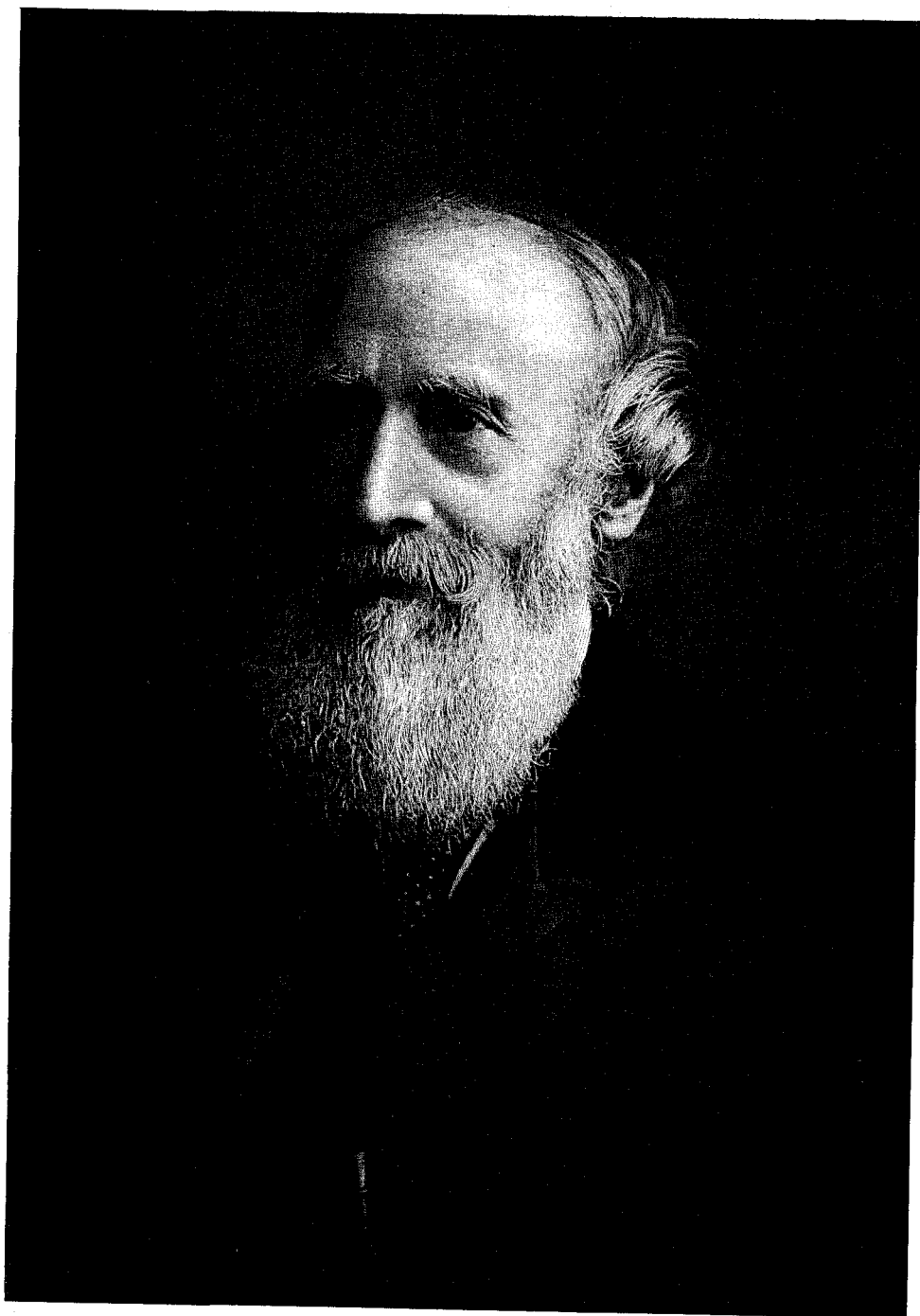
It is further noteworthy that these three organizations were born on the opposite sides of the English Channel, in the lands which have been the chief centers of revolutionary ideas in the modern world.

In 1534, on the hill of Montmartre at Paris, Ignatius Loyola with five young friends organized the Society of Jesus, the redoubtable janizaries of the Roman

Pontiff. Before Loyola's death the Jesuits had planted their missions in all quarters of the globe, and were inculcating their principles in the palaces and universities of Europe.

In 1729 Charles and John Wesley joined with two others, Oxford students like themselves, to cultivate personal religion by united prayer and Bible study. Of this association, never exceeding thirty members during their college life, the Methodist churches are the offspring, with some twenty millions of members and adherents in all parts of the world.

In 1844 George Williams, a young man of twenty-three, one of eighty or more assistants in a London draper's business, of which he now has long been the proprietor, became deeply concerned for the religious and moral condition of his comrades and other young men coming from the country to the city without the steady influences of Christian friendship in the midst of new temptations. He was the leading spirit in forming, on June 6 of that year, a "Society for Improving the Spiritual Condition of Young Men



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS
Founder of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Engaged in the Drapery and other Trades." This Society was the child of earnest prayer, the result arrived at by a series of prayer-meetings in the bedrooms of its formers. Four weeks later, July 4, it adopted the name of the Young Men's Christian Association. In 1894 it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in London with a great assembly of delegates representing twenty-six nations. And yet so tardily was its importance recognized that in the first edition of the American Cyclopædia, in a volume dated 1863, there is no mention of it. The recognition, though tardy, has been abundant. The founder, now Sir George Williams, has been knighted by the Queen as "a peaceful hero;" the French Government has conferred on him a medal of honor; the Corporation of London has bestowed on him the freedom of the city; the chief men of the Church and the State assemble on the jubilee platform.

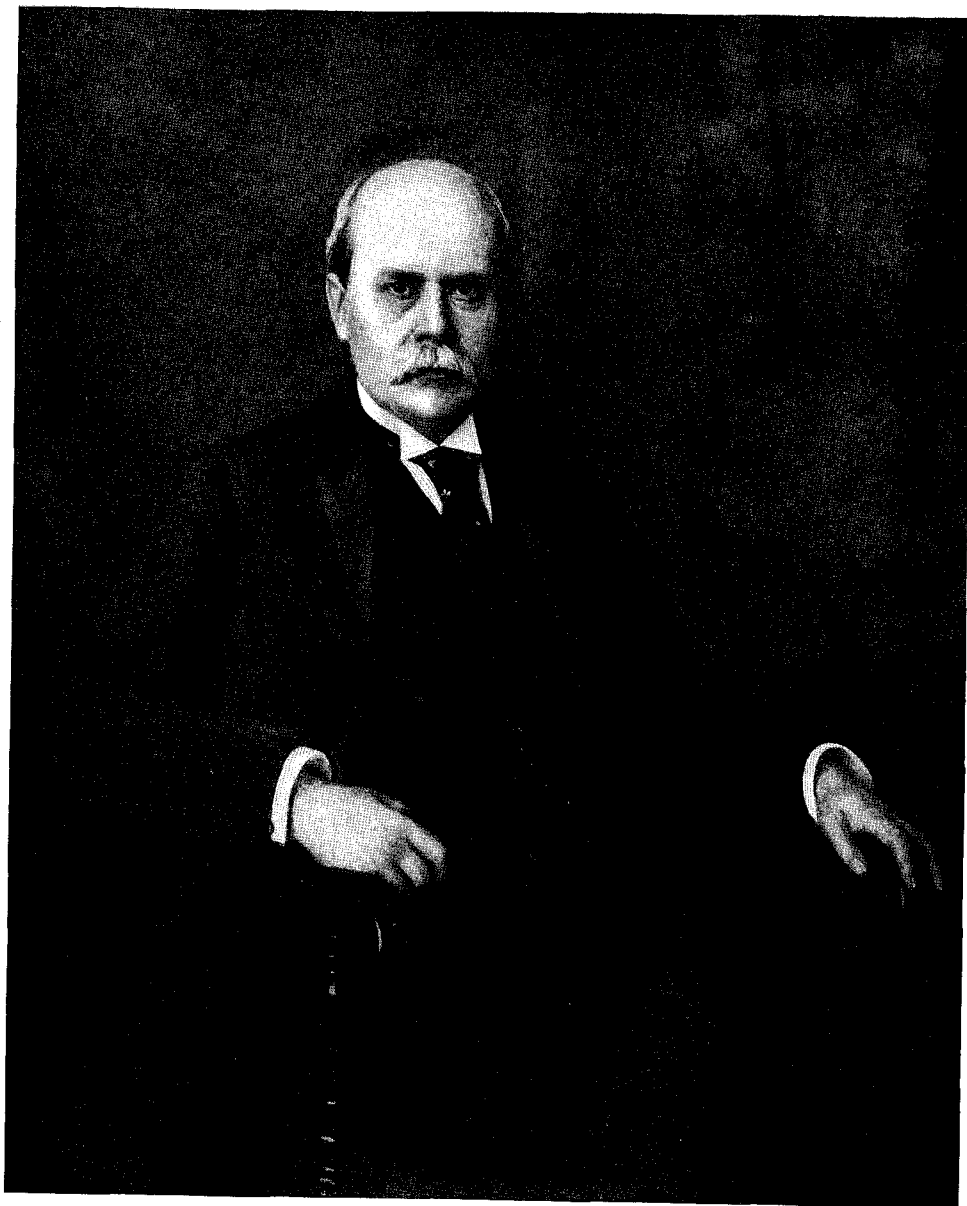
Seven years after its organization was effected in London the parent Association had multiplied to twenty-four in various parts of the country. Accounts of its success attracted imitation on this side the sea, and similar Associations were formed independently, but almost simultaneously, in Montreal and Boston during December, 1851. The memorial tablet unveiled during the jubilee week in the Old South Meeting-House commemorates the formation of the Boston society in the Old South Chapel. A similar tablet has been placed on the site of the St. Helen Street Baptist Church in Montreal, where the first Canadian Association was organized.

Rapid was the ensuing development. The next three years witnessed the formation of twenty-five Associations in various parts of our country. The basis of membership adopted by the founder, who restricted it to men evidently converted to Christ, was adhered to in all these by the provision that all active members and officers must belong to some "evangelical church"—an associate non-voting membership being constituted of others. This was reaffirmed, after considerable agitation, by the International Convention held in Portland in 1869, and the term "evangelical" was also stringently defined by a creed-formula, of which the final article was "everlasting pun-

ishment." It still continues to be the rule, but indications are not wanting that its rigor may not always hold. Some Associations have already mitigated it by admitting to membership on the basis of good character, while restricting the choice of officers or directors to persons who are members of some "Christian church."

While our country received the Association, like all our other religious institutions, from the Old World, the development of the Association throughout the whole world has been largely affected by American initiative. The American type of methods and operations has been generally accepted by Associations in other countries as most effective and desirable. On June 7, 1854, ten years and a day after the foundation of the parent society in London, the important step was taken which placed the American Associations in the lead. At a convention held by them in Buffalo an alliance was effected, bringing all the Canadian and American Associations under the direction of one executive committee, and providing for annual conventions in promotion of a co-operative work. This effective co-ordination of widely diffused and independent activities in what was then called the "American Confederation" was initiated by the efforts of Mr., afterwards the Rev., William Chauncy Langdon. A further advance of the co-ordinating movement was effected by the convening at Paris the next year of the first international convention. Already the American and Canadian Associations, though comprising but one-ninth of the 329 societies then existing, enrolled seven-fifteenths of the total membership. This lead is maintained to-day, when the North American group, with barely twenty-four per cent. of the total number of 6,219 societies, enrolls fifty per cent. of the total membership, in round numbers 268,000. The Paris meeting was especially significant for its unanimous declaration of the common basis of the Associations throughout the world. This, moved by a French delegate and solemnly adopted with prayer and thanksgiving, was in the following terms:

The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour accord-



ROBERT ROSS MCBURNEY

For forty years prominent in the New York Young Men's Christian Association.

ing to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be his disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of his kingdom among young men.

Eleven years later another historic point was reached, when this co-ordination was succeeded by specialization. But in the meantime the Civil War, which thinned out the college class-rooms, had seriously depleted the Associations. In 1861 there were 240 of these, with a mem-

bership of 30,000. In 1866 there were but 90, with a membership of 15,500. But in the midst of this not unnatural decline a work of National importance was achieved, which attracted general admiration. In the United States Christian Commission the Associations did on a grand scale the work with which on a small scale they have made the public familiar during the Spanish War. Never in the world's history had such a work been

undertaken before as that which the Christian Commission performed in its ministrations to the spiritual and physical needs of the Union armies. More than five thousand of its angels of mercy went to the field, serving gratuitously in the distribution of relief and supplies, nursing the sick, holding religious services, circulating good reading, and lending a hand everywhere. In this work, the center of which was in the New York Association, over six million dollars was raised and expended in the four years of war.

It was at the International Convention of 1866, in Albany, that the era of specialization began. Previously the work of the Association had been of a somewhat miscellaneous sort; it had been done by young men, but not for young men only, and it was felt by the leading minds that the condition of the highest effectiveness was in concentration upon a single object. The resolution was accordingly taken at Albany that Association work thenceforth should be for young men exclusively. The work which has of late years been undertaken for boys of twelve and upwards, and has so rapidly developed that twenty secretaries are employed in it, is no real departure from this principle, but as important for its full effectiveness as the preparatory school is for the college. In inaugurating the new policy through which the Associations have realized their great success, the Rev. Henry C. Potter, now Bishop of New York, Mr. Cephas Brainerd, Chairman of the International Committee for twenty-five years afterward, and the great Secretary of the New York Association, Mr. R. R. McBurney, were largely influential.

After the founder, George Williams, it would not be easy to name the man who has been more influential in the development of the Associations and their work than Secretary McBurney, of New York. In 1854, on the evening of his landing in the city, a friendless immigrant, he repaired to the Association rooms on an upper floor at 659 Broadway. In 1862 he was put in charge of the rooms. In 1869 the Association moved into its present edifice, the original type of the Association buildings throughout the world, in the planning of which he served on the building committee. In that building he organized the Association work on its

present comprehensive lines. His experience, practical sagacity, and exclusive devotion to his work, for which he denied all other interests, made him a recognized leader of assemblies, national and international, during the thirty-six years in which he served as General Secretary of the New York Association. At the same time his personal influence, directed by a profoundly religious as well as social spirit, ever seeking to deal with individuals in friendly intercourse, has molded the lives of hundreds whom he has helped upwards, and who associate him in grateful remembrance with all that they prize most.

After the specializing of the work resolved on at Albany, the organization was further improved. State committees were soon formed; district committees subsequently. After the Washington Convention in 1871, the office of General Secretary was instituted, the ideal of which had been revealed in Mr. McBurney. At present there are 910 of these salaried managers, 714 of them in the United States and Canada. Now, the work, which had thus far been confined to young clerks and artisans in cities and towns, received two notable extensions. The reclamation of a dissipated railroad employee issued in the formation at Cleveland, in 1872, of the railroad department of the Association in rooms at the Lake Shore station in that city. Its beneficent work soon commended it to the patronage of the companies. The late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt effectively promoted it. A memorial of his interest in it is the commodious home which he erected for it near the Grand Central Station in New York City. This branch of the work is now going on at 161 stations in the United States and Canada. One can hardly name a better appreciated and more successful Christian undertaking for a special class of wage-earners. The companies evinced their esteem for it by contributing, in 1900, the sum of \$195,000 towards its expenses.

Coincidentally with this work, another extension was made in an opposite direction. Associations had been formed in the State Universities of Michigan and Virginia as early as 1858, and by 1876 there were twenty-five. At the Louisville Convention, in 1877, the student department and the railroad department were

each committed to a supervising Secretary, and intercollegiate operations were soon organized. At present the student department, which includes preparatory schools with those of the highest grade, is at work in 640 institutions. This has had a remarkable development, particularly in the summer conferences for Bible study, beginning at Mount Hermon, Mass., in 1886, and now held at Northfield, Asheville, N.C., and Lake Geneva, Wis.; also in the Student Volunteer Movement, inaugurated the same year, with its issue, in 1895, in the World's Christian Student Federation, now numbering 65,000 members in thirty countries.

In the year following the organization of these two departments the Associations throughout the world were federated, as those on this continent had been in 1854. Cosmopolitan interests had thus far been cared for by the London office. But at the International Convention of 1878, held at Geneva, the Association work throughout the world was put in charge of a central committee, with a quorum of members in and near that city. The chairman of this committee is the Rev. Jean Édouard Barde, Professor of Theology in Geneva, who at the age of nineteen took part in the first International Convention at Paris. Its General Secretary is Colonel Charles Fermaud, who resigned from the Swiss army to accept this post. The three American members in the total number of thirty-two are Messrs. James Stokes, Cephas Brainerd, and Richard C. Morse, the latter being Honorary Secretary at the International Headquarters, 3 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City.

Such, in outline, has been the development of the system. Its comprehensiveness is indicated by the forty-three Associations among North American Indians; its careful specialization appears in the training-schools at Springfield, Mass., and Chicago for the work of general secretaries and physical directors in the gymnastic department; the high quality of its educational work is seen in the acceptance of its examination certificates by one hundred and eight colleges and technical schools; its hold on the confidence of practical men is evinced by the \$21,000,000 which have been contributed to erect its nearly four hundred buildings in the United

States; its religious catholicity is demonstrated by the fact, stated by Colonel McCook, that there are more Roman Catholics affiliated with its railroad branch than of any one of the chief Protestant denominations.

The Boston jubilee took place at the thirty-fourth International Convention. The aged founder, unable to take the voyage, was worthily represented by his son, Mr. Howard Williams, the virtual head of a leading commercial house in London, and Vice-President of the National Council of the English Associations. With him was Lord Kinnaid, a London banker prominent in philanthropic movements, and an active promoter of Association work in many lands. The Montreal Association, a few weeks older than its Boston "twin," was nobly represented by its President, Mr. C. T. Williams, its veteran Secretary, Mr. D. A. Budge, and Mr. Herbert B. Ames, a specialist in the city problems of the work. Among the foreign delegates were Colonel Fermaud, of Geneva, General Secretary of the Central International Committee; Baron Eberhard von Rothkirch-Pathen, President of the Berlin Association; Dr. Geisendorf, Secretary of the Marseilles Association, a versatile and brilliant leader in the work of the student department and in the World's Christian Student Federation; M. Siegfried, a French Senator; Baron A. J. von Szilassy, President of the Association in Budapest, Hungary, a leader in philanthropy and reform, and a member of the Imperial Diet; the Rev. A. H. da Silva, the foremost Protestant pastor in Portugal; Dr. do Couto, one of the founders of the Association at Rio de Janeiro in 1893, and its first President; also Dr. Motoda, chairman of the Student Union in Japan, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and the head of the Protestant Episcopal College in Tokio. The presence also of two priests of the Greek Church, and of a delegate from India in his native garb, made the catholic and cosmopolitan character of the assemblage completely manifest.

The Jubilee Exhibit of the varied forms of Association work, requiring for full presentation 95,000 square feet of space, strikingly displayed in detail what it undertakes as a sort of university for an all-round culture of young manhood. Among

the numerous anniversary addresses, reminiscent, instructive, encouraging, and prophetic, those of Mr. Ames, of Montreal, and President Northrop, of Minneapolis, seemed specially significant. Speaking on "The Contribution of the Association toward the Solution of the City Problem," Mr. Ames adverted to the recent reform, which had placed the government of Montreal in trustworthy hands for the first time in many years, as largely due to young men, many of them trained in the Association. He held that in every Association there should be a "coming-of-age course" for the men about to cast their first ballot, in which the forms of government should be taught, and the ideals and duties of citizenship inculcated. Of "The Contribution of the Association to the Moral and Religious Life of the Colleges" President Northrop said that it met the

students' greatest need by interesting them in the activities of Christian life, and thereby securing them from the paralyzing invasion of agnosticism and unbelief. Referring to the restricted terms of membership adopted at Portland in 1869, Dr. Northrop declared the time ripe for their enlargement. Young men should not be required to come into the Association through the churches, but should rather be taken into the churches through the Association.

Dwight L. Moody has testified that he owed more to the Young Men's Christian Association than to any other human agency. Had its half-century's work accomplished no more than to bring forward such a man, it would have justified its existence. But he in his pre-eminence is but one among tens of thousands throughout the world who add their testimony to his.

If a Woman Will

By W. M. Raine

THE sky was heavy with rain and the air tasted of it, though none had yet fallen. All day Mount Rainier had been invisible behind the heavy clouds that were banked to the south. Through occasional leafless trees left standing by the loggers a glimpse of the waters of Lake Washington showed black and gloomy.

A man, young and vigorous, was clearing land at the summit of the first terrace from the lake. The work was arduous, and the sweat poured from his grimy face, leaving black furrows behind. Occasionally he wiped the moisture from his forehead with the sleeve of his blue jumper. It was hard, back-breaking, uninspiring drudgery, but his face at short intervals broke into a smile of supreme content.

At those times Dick Nelson was thinking of the future. He meant to set the five acres out in strawberries when he should get it cleared. Strawberries were a safe crop, and there was pretty fair money in them. He had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. The new house he was having built ought to be finished in a few weeks. He intended to stop there on the way home from the Anderson dance that night to ask Nellie Spencer if she

would be its mistress. He was a modest enough young fellow, though not unduly so, and he had a pretty fair idea of what her answer would be. Already he was happy as a lark. When he steeled his muscles to cant great logs into place, it pleased him to think that it was for her. To toil from early morning till late night that she might find life easier was a joy. Whatever pleasure he had in life was connected with her. All his activities radiated from her, directly or indirectly, and came back to her in the end. Dick Nelson had begun to discover that a man's happiness must always be associated with a woman, and that he must find his happiness in making hers.

A penetrating drizzle began to fall, and wrapped the earth in a cold, dismal mantle of mist. Dick finished boring the hole he had started in the great fir stump. He ran a straight willow switch down to see that the opening connected with the sloping draught-hole from above. Then he brought some hot coals made from a live alder-shoot and dropped them into the resinous auger-flue. Presently the black, tarry smoke poured out from the heart of the pitchy stump—an indication that the self-feeding furnace which would

eventually devour the remains of the fir had taken hold.

Dick put his ax and cross-cut saw far under a fallen tree, that the rain might not reach them. Before leaving for the night he made the round of his fires to see that all were still burning well. A dozen log piles and as many immense stumps threw out great tongues of flame which defied the gentle drizzle. Here and there Nelson swung a log further into the fire with his canthook, or carried a shovelful of coals to fire another pile of brush and logs. On the horse which he had used to drag the logs into piles and to root up loosened stumps he rode home side-fashion to his shack.

His overalls, jumper, and shapeless felt hat, pinched in approved Western style, were all grimy from contact with charred logs. The pores of his skin were filled with fine charcoal dust, and a great black mark streaked his face from ear to chin. His hands were like those of a sweep for color, save where a hundred tiny red brier scratches showed through the prevailing monochrome.

But, dirty and unkempt as he was, Dick Nelson had never appeared to better advantage. Somehow, in his Sunday clothes he looked awkward and confined, but in his working outfit his movements were full of grace and strength. The close-fitting jumper brought out the lithe activity of his muscular frame. When he smiled he showed a set of fine, strong white teeth. His was a face to trust. That was what his neighbors meant when they said Dick Nelson was a man to tie to every time. It was a compliment they did not pay many of their fellows.

He whistled gayly to himself, unmindful of the rain which dripped from the turned-down brim of his hat. In the Puget Sound country it rains easier than in any other place on earth. The rainy season is a matter of course and not to be taken seriously.

In the middle of a bar the whistler stopped. His brow darkened into a frown and his lips set. Coming out of the mist in front of him he recognized two figures. They were both young people, and they sauntered along slowly, regardless of the rain, with gay banter and occasional bursts of laughter. From the paper packages which they carried they had

obviously just returned from Seattle on the boat. They were both wrapped in long rain-coats, and the lad was holding an umbrella over the girl with sedulous care. Dick imagined an air of proprietorship in the manner of the young man that gave him in his heart a sense of impending trouble.

For the most part their animated faces were turned toward each other. The friendly rain shut out the rest of the world and brought these two into closer touch. The girl's face was flushed and her eyes sparkling. They had been beating against the wind, and her hair was flying a little wildly. One stray lock swept across his face. Neither of them saw the approaching horseman until he was almost upon them.

Dick's heart was filled with unease. What right had Rob Burleigh to take her arm as if she belonged to him? And why was she so friendly? Why give herself to him like that? It was as if they had a special appreciation of each other, and he were an unconsidered outsider. Dick knew well enough that Burleigh cared for a girl only as she ministered to his insatiable vanity, and that his pleasure in her society lay largely in what he imagined other people were saying about it. If he could "cut out" Dick Nelson, or if people would think he was doing it, his little soul would be filled with elation. What hurt Dick was that the girl, whether of purpose or not, should lend herself to feed Burleigh's paltry conceit.

They smiled brightly at him as they passed, and Rob shouted out a laughing warning for him to get in out of the rain; at his age he might catch cold.

Nelson was some seven or eight years senior to Nellie Spencer, but the years between them had never seemed so many as they did to-day. He was too old for her, he told himself with a touch of despair; and too rough. Some young fellow like Rob Burleigh would attract her more. She had been through the high school, and read a good many books. Dick had always had to work too hard to be able to spend much time at school. He believed that the education he had gained in the hard school of experience was worth a dozen times as much as the flashy, superficial knowledge of young Burleigh and his like. He had learnt how to shift for

himself under all conditions. The few good books he had read he had digested, and he knew how to do his own thinking.

Burleigh had other advantages which Dick had not. Rob was the son of a Seattle merchant, and he ran his father's little ranch rather as a diversion than of serious purpose; nor did he let it interfere too seriously with his amusements. In the country, especially of a new land, class distinctions do not count for much; but Rob did not lack for audacity, a ready tongue, and good looks to back his ease of manner. Besides, he possessed *savoir faire*, and a certain elusive charm of making light love that attracted the country girls. He transferred his attentions easily from one to another, and was careful not to risk getting "turned down," as he called it, by any of them. He preferred to do the "turning down" himself, if the prospect of such a contingency seemed imminent. His vanity was so thin-skinned as to be susceptible to the slightest pin-pricks of ridicule.

All these things Dick Nelson thought about as he made his way to the home of Nellie Spencer that evening, after he had eaten the "bach" supper he had knocked together for himself; and he was filled with growing anger that she should be the victim of Burleigh's latest fancy. He persuaded himself that it was for her sake he cared rather than his own, and that it was his duty to speak to her about it. He cared too much for her to have her name bandied about with that of young Burleigh.

Dick waited till they were clear of the house before he introduced the subject. He found some difficulty in making a beginning, and when he did the words came abruptly. Even to him his little speech sounded dictatorial; he could not seem to find the words to put it right. She let him stumble through without any assistance, and every moment he felt her silence colder.

"It's very nice of you to take so much interest in the kind of companionship I ought to have, Mr. Nelson. If you would write out a list of the people who may walk up from the boat with me, don't you think it might be easier to remember?" she said, demurely.

"Of course, you may walk up with anybody. There's no harm in that, only—"

"Oh, thank you! Now that I have

your permission I shall feel so much better about it. It will be just the same as having my mother along."

Nelson smiled ruefully. He felt he was not making much headway. He tried again.

"You know I like to see you have a good time, Nell, but Rob is such a vain chap. He thinks he has only to look at a girl to make her fall in love with him. He'll brag all around the settlement about it; then he'll go over town and tell them about it. Like as not he'll put it in the paper."

The girl laughed, with a little sidelong look at him.

"I don't care except on your account. You know how people talk," he continued, a little relieved at her laugh.

"Yes, I know," she smiled sweetly. "If one accepts the offer of an umbrella to keep off the rain, it is likely to be the subject of a sermon. I guess I'll just let them talk. Don't you think that will be the best?"

"No, I don't," he blurted out, roughly. "He acted as if he owned you this afternoon. He always does with a girl."

She was rather pleased to have stirred him to jealousy, and she flung back at him with:

"I have not noticed it. I think he has very nice manners."

"It depends on what you call manners. He has never gone with a girl without talking lightly of her afterwards."

By the time they had reached the Anderson place they had arrived at the basis of a very pretty misunderstanding; if they had not been quarreling, they had been traveling fast in that direction.

The strains of the fiddle and the thumping of feet on the floor could be heard long before they reached the house. Already the rooms were pretty well filled; in the kitchen the older women sat and gossiped, rocking to and fro with babies on their laps or cutting cake for refreshments; in the outer room three sets were just forming on the floor for a quadrille. The house shook with the energy of the dancers, many of whom were in their shirtsleeves.

"Alemane left. Right han't yer pardner 'n' grand right and left. Ev-v-erybody swing," chanted the caller from the top of a wooden bench set against the wall,

Those who were not dancing were seated round the walls on benches, with the exception of a dozen rough young fellows who clustered round the front door, seemingly fearful lest their escape be cut off. These were mostly woodmen from Smith's logging camp some ten miles back in the woods, who had ridden in on their cayuses. One of them stopped Dick to make arrangements for some fall plowing he wanted done. It took some minutes to settle the matter, and when Nelson at last got into the room he saw Nellie dancing with Rob Burleigh, who had snatched her up to fill a place left vacant by a mother called into the kitchen by the sudden howls of her baby. The next dance was a waltz, and as Dick could not dance the round dances, Burleigh appropriated it. When they had finished it, Nellie went to ask Dick for the next quadrille, but he, hipped at her disregard of his warning, had engaged himself for it. She sat it out alone, and presently the ubiquitous Rob found his way to her side. He wanted to know whether her next two-step was engaged; if not, might he dance it with her? She knew they were overdoing it, but she told him she would be pleased to dance it with him.

The excitement of the dance and of a flirtation which she knew to be wrong mastered her. The music and the rhythm of movement, together with the gay charm of her partner's personality, gave her a delightful feeling of irresponsibility. She was uneasily conscious of her lover's eyes following her about the room, but she stifled her unease by telling herself that he needed a lesson. She would show him the futility of his jealous interference. In the meantime the fascination of a new experience crept into her blood. Burleigh played her skillfully and boldly with merry innuendo and suggestive mockery, and she gave herself to it with a shy, eager craving for more of this subtle excitement.

Dick watched them hungrily, his jealous soul flaming out of his eyes. He conceded that they made a picture fair to look upon: the gay, handsome, shallow boy, with his quick tongue and easy manners; and the lithe, graceful figure of the girl, with the peach-bloom in her cheeks and the changing light of battle in her excited, flashing brown eyes. It had often

been his delight to watch from a safe corner her mobile face, and he had never before seen her in so reckless a mood. It was a new side to her character, and the demons of jealousy were telling him that she was indubitably lost to him.

Usually she was a girl of reserve and dignity, so that others beside Dick Nelson wondered what had come over Nellie Spencer. At rustic dances some drama of this kind is usually in evidence for those who look for it. Many curious eyes followed the course of the affair, which might develop into either comedy or tragedy. Rob Burleigh sunned himself between dances in the audible comments of the rough young fellows. His shallow little soul delighted in the thought that he was making another man jealous and that the whole neighborhood was there to see.

"Cutting quite a swath to-night, Bobbie," volunteered Jim Larson.

Burleigh's eyes brightened.

"Oh, I don't know. Think so? Well, perhaps I am doing pretty good work," he admitted, stroking his little black mustache to hide a smile of gratified vanity.

For the benefit of his friends Larson's eyelid lay dead on his cheek for the fraction of a second.

"You're too modest. It's *skookum*¹ work you are doing. No other need apply."

"Well, you fellows keep your eyes open and you'll see what you'll see," said Burleigh, sagely, and swaggered back for another waltz with Nellie, hugely satisfied with himself and life in general.

It was Larson who voiced the sentiment of the loggers.

"He's making hay to-night, but his little hour of sunshine will be over when the dance closes. To-morrow she will put in repenting, and the day after Burleigh will run against the frost."

Dick Nelson grew weary of the clamor and his own forced gayety, and moved out into the night to be alone. The rain had stopped for a time, and the moon was trying to break through the clouds. He walked out to the well and lounged against the curb. Presently he heard voices, and withdrew to the shadow of the barn, not caring to be caught moping alone. The voices belonged to Rob Burleigh and

¹ Skookum is an Indian word meaning good, much used on the Pacific Coast.

Nellie Spencer. The lad was talking in a low tone.

When they reached the well she turned, leaning back against the curbing with her two hands resting on the edge of it. Her eyes met Burleigh's for a moment, then fluttered to the ground. Dick took it all in, unabashed and unashamed at playing the eavesdropper. The hatred in his heart toward the graceless young scamp crowded out all sense of right and wrong.

Kisses are easily come by in the country, and it has not yet been recorded that those of the country maiden are less sweet than those of her city cousin. But Nellie Spencer had always been a little Puritan, and all her kisses were still unknissed. From the experience born of many a moonlight night Robert Burleigh divined that now, if ever, was his chance. He dropped his hand on one of hers, as by accident. She looked up quickly, and he kissed her on the lips.

Dick Nelson waited to see no more. He strode forward out of the shadow, and passed them without a look or a word. His heart and brain were storming within him in a heady stress of passion. Wild, incoherent impulses crowded through his mind, and drove him out to rage up and down the muddy roads. He trampled down with scorn the fine instinctive homage he had paid her innocence. He laughed aloud in mirthless sardonic laughter to think how he had revered her maiden instincts of purity; he who had loved her for two years had never kissed her, though many a time his heart had leaped to dream of it; and now, at the first chance, she had yielded herself to this careless scamp from the city, who cared nothing for her beyond the satisfying of his childish vanity.

Where the wild torment of his soul drove him that night he never knew. When, at last, he took note of time and place, he found himself by his new clearing. To his surprise, the rain splashed down steadily. Most of his fires still flamed up in a sea of murky blackness. The heart of one had burnt itself out, and he started mechanically to roll closer the outlying logs; but remembrance stabbed his heart, and he turned bitterly away. What did he care whether they ever burnt again, or for any of the many little interests which had before made up his life?

His plans had fallen about his head, and he cared only to get as far as might be from the ruins. He would go to the Klondike on the next boat that left Seattle.

Sleep was impossible to him, and he tramped back through the rain toward the wharf. The first faint streaks of daylight were beginning to fleck the sky, and the dancers were leaving as Nelson passed the Anderson place. To avoid meeting them he plunged into the woods, over logs and through briars straight to the lake.

His boat was lying by the wharf, locked to a pile; and he broke the lock by beating on it with a large stone. The instinct to trample on the inner pain by physical hardship, to get out of himself by labor and rapid motion, drove him to pull across the four miles of turbulent water to Seattle. He pulled madly into the storm, his great muscles leaping with the strain of action; and laughed recklessly at the huge waves which threatened every moment to swamp the boat. He thought the tumult of the night a fitting chorus to the hell within.

Meanwhile, a girl lay on her bed, where she had thrown herself, still dressed, and sobbed as if her heart would break; but quietly, with her face in the pillows, lest she wake her father or her mother in the next room.

And in his shack at the other end of the settlement young Burleigh slept the placid sleep of the just.

At the top of the hill the Yesler Avenue cable-car dipped sharply, and shot down the steep incline to the water. Far below, at the foot of the hill, Lake Washington stretched away for many miles till it became lost to view behind a jutting neck of land. A slight wind was stirring the waves to little white-caps, so that the westering sun, glinting on them, struck out a million sparkles of changing and evanescent light.

On the other side of the lake ran the line of green forest shore, dotted here and there by ranch clearings. Back of that were the hills, a splendid sweep of fir-clad forest crowning them, the tapering pine-tops, like an innumerable army of lances, rising tier on tier, and crowding to the attack. In the distance towered

the white range of the blue-ribbed Cascades, a silhouette against the sky, dominated by their massive sentinel sixty miles to the south. The descending sun had painted the snow-clad sides of Rainier with many different shades of brilliant coloring, which irresistibly held the eye by its gorgeous beauty and radiance of sheen.

Dick Nelson took it all in hungrily, as one who has spent years far from his heritage. It was good to see again the beautiful lake basking in the warm sunshine, and to hear its waters lapping gently at the embankment edge. It was good to see the old familiar, homely landmarks: the power-house sending forth great bursts of steam; the big flat scows laden with four-foot cordwood; the school-house on the hill at Meydenbauer Bay. Even the Leschi Park seals barked a friendly greeting. Other people might have all they wanted of the Klondike and the treacherous Pacific, but little old Seattle with its great lake was big enough and good enough for him.

With a pair of glasses, borrowed from the captain of the "L. T. Haas," he swept the opposite shore of the lake. He decided that the little cloud of smoke, which indicated some clearing was being done, rose from Jack Marconi's place. Among the trees he could just catch a glimpse of his own place—a patch of bare brown in a sea of green. The Spencer ranch lay out of sight in the dip behind the first rise.

The ranchmen and their wives straggled down the hill to the wharf to take the boat home, carrying big baskets of groceries and supplies. Their greeting was so cordial that Dick wondered if it might be partly because he was a potential millionaire. Everybody seemed glad to see him, and he had more invitations to dine than Pooh-Bah himself could have accepted. He promised to go with Mr. Spencer, because his offer was first in point of time.

Nelson was happier than he had been for three years. The horrors of his Alaskan experience were a nightmare which every churn of the paddle-wheel left further behind. The kind talk and cheery banter, the delicious warmth and languor in the air, the pink tinge that flushed the mountain-side, were all old friends, and combined to set his heart at rest.

Yet he was conscious of a vague unrest. During the time he had been in the North he had neither written nor received letters, so that, for all he knew, Nellie Spencer might be dead or married. Granting her to be still unwed, what were his relations to be with her? His heart beat fast with apprehension. He wanted to ask her father some questions, but dared not be too explicit.

"Your folks all well?" he asked, with as much unconcern as possible, while they rode up from the wharf.

"Oh yes, they're all right," answered Spencer; then harked back to the matter under discussion. "But about that ground thawing in Klondike; don't you think some kind of steam-drill could be used to advantage?"

When they reached the house Spencer filled Dick's arms with paper parcels and sent him into the kitchen, telling him that he would be along as soon as he got the team unhitched. A girl's clear voice was singing in the dining-room, as she moved about setting the table. It thrilled the young man through and through, and the warm blood rushed over him. Presently she came into the kitchen.

"Is that you, father?" she asked, noticing the figure of the man blocked out in the dim twilight of the room.

Dick stood helpless, his arms still full of packages. A tremor of apprehension, a quick foreboding of the truth, swept over her and left her cold.

"Nellie!" he cried.

She felt the color flame into her face, then die out and leave her gray as ashes. Before she had found her voice Mrs. Spencer came in from the dairy-room and said:

"I wish, Nellie, you'd take this butter down to Bassett's after supper."

Nellie was distraught and silent at supper. She was suffering from a shyness for which she knew she would scourge herself later. Dick talked volubly and a little incoherently about his Alaskan experiences. He did not appear to notice the girl; but when, after supper, she put on her hat to take the butter to Bassett's, he said he thought he would be moving home.

They talked at haphazard of people they knew and of the changes time had wrought, but at the last the silence of the night crept into their blood and drew them

to silence. Each thrilled with the presence of the other, and each went back in memory to that last tragic night they had been together.

When he broke the intense quiet, it was to say:

"Do you care, Nell?"

"For what?"

Her voice was so low it scarce reached him. There was the suggestion of tears in it.

"For me. We have lost three years, and I am poor as when I left; but, oh! dear heart, my love is sure. Shall we forget the past?"

She trembled toward him, and he took his world in his arms.

O magic hour! The wondrous glamour of the moonlight flooded the earth with splendor, while the silent stars looked down upon the old, old story which is ever new.

Influence

By Robert Haven Schauffler

The last light lingers in the west
Upon some bits of floating cloud
Which ever gleam and gleam, while to the rest
Are but allowed
Fainter, reflected rays to light them forth
Into the chill, black north.

This lot be mine:
To catch the glow direct from some world-light
Whose influence, serene and bright,
Shall tinge my night,
And, by reflection, shine
On darker dust-clouds back along the line.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

By-Ways of War. By James Jeffrey Roche. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 251 pages. \$1.50.

The larger part of this narrative is concerned with the expeditions of William Walker to Central America, where he was finally captured and executed in 1860. The Texan and Cuban filibusters obtain brief but adequate mention. Walker's portrait exhibits the countenance of a clergyman, not that of a soldier of fortune waging aggressive war for the extension of African slavery. The filibusters, one and all, were a disgrace to the United States, and it is well to have their history put on record as a beacon on a shoal. The author pertinently remarks upon the filibuster that "the speculator has supplanted him without perceptibly improving the morality of the world."

Chief's Daughter (The): A Legend of Niagara. By Paul Carus. Illustrated. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 4¼×7 in. 54 pages.

A pathetic legend of the last human sacrifice offered by Indians at Niagara.

Daughter of the Prophets (A). By Curtis van Dyke. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 263 pages. \$1.

This may be called a story with a purpose. It is mainly the life story of one Della Marcheson, a young lawyer; an advanced woman in the best sense of that term, progressive and unflinching, yet womanly to the core, she ends her career in a life of duty and sacrifice. The story has many clever points, and some of the dialogue is bright and incisive. Like all stories with an evident purpose, it loses something in that charm which belongs only to creative force.

Elder Boise. By Everett Tomlinson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 403 pages. \$1.50.

This is an exceedingly readable story. It sets forth the trials and triumphs of a young clergyman of large soul and liberal views, whose first pastoral position placed him over a narrow-minded, close-fisted, and generally materialized congregation. The story is full of Yankee humor, shrewd saws, and tricky bar-

gainings, all of which the reader is sure to enjoy. It shows the typical village life of the Eastern States, and is racy of the soil.

Ensign Knightley and Other Stories. By A. E. W. Mason. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 328 pages. \$1.50.

The reader will find here a succession of very short stories, about fourteen in number, all powerfully told, and marked by a somewhat grim realism that bears the reader on like the march of fate. The stories vary much in subject, though the elements of military life prevail, and the tone and atmosphere are decidedly English. The reader who likes movement, adventure, and a touch of the stoical running through the thread of life will enjoy these stories.

Fallen God (The) and Other Essays in Literature and Art. By Joseph Spencer Kennard. Illustrated. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 7×9 in. 208 pages.

This is an exquisitely printed and decorated volume, itself a work of high art, embodying a series of critical essays on works of literature and art. The leading essay gives its title to the collection. Dr. Kennard finds in the legend of the Fire-god, Hephæstos, cast out of heaven, as related in the *Iliad*, i., 590-595, the original of the Christian myths of Satan and Lucifer. Not in Milton's Satan, but in Dante's Lucifer, does he find "the supreme intellectual conception of the Fallen God." In Dante also he finds the true spiritual successor of the great theological poet of Greece, Æschylus, even a greater than he, embodying for all time the vision of the basest sin working out its own punishment. In this and the subsequent essays Dr. Kennard gives no résumé of others' judgments, but his own views as an independent critic, derived from original studies of his subjects, and, while he occasionally provokes dissenting opinions, he always commands respect for his own. The full-page illustrations which accompany the text are of the highest merit.

Furniture of Our Forefathers (The). By Esther Singleton. With Critical Descriptions of Plates by Russell Sturgis. Illustrated. Part III. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 8×11½ in. 232 pages.

George Eliot. By Clara Thomson. (The Westminster Biographies.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4×5½ in. 132 pages. 75c.

This new biography of George Eliot is necessarily a disappointing book. The life of the great novelist was, like many of her novels, so complex and so filled with the solving of psychological and other problems that any attempt to put it into small compass can hardly prove other than unsatisfactory. At the same time, we have from the pen of Clara Thomson a marvelously condensed statement of the principal events in an interesting life, and a lucid account of the circumstances attending the writing of books which, as the years go by, only take increasingly permanent place in the affection and opinion of critics.

Grapes of Wrath (The): A Tale of North and South. By Mary Harriott Norris. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 345 pages. \$1.50.

Here is a novel dealing with a period coming much to the front of late in fiction; namely,

the period of the great Civil War. The chief actors in the story belong to a family who have representatives on both sides of the great conflict, so that the feelings, beliefs, and bitter-nesses which then divided the land are all strongly pictured. The story as a whole is highly dramatic and well sustained. Some unimportant minor touches would indicate that the writer's memory did not cover all the social customs, dress, and habits of the period, and that she did not deem them of sufficient importance to verify. In its larger aspects, however, the story is very well told and carries conviction. It is full of spirit, life, and verisimilitude, and the difference between the point of view in small matters North and South gives life and piquancy to the whole.

Health and Hygiene for the Household. By John Joseph Nutt, B.L., M.D. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 69 pages. 50c.

A useful and sensible little manual, written by a physician, and designed to give instruction in some of the principles of the science of hygiene and its relation to health. Its simple statements regarding ventilation, food, and drugs deserve wide circulation. We notice the statement, "Very few Americans drink enough water. Eight or ten glasses of water should be taken daily by the average person."

Heroine of Santiago de Cuba (The). By Antoinette Sheppard. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 260 pages. \$1.

This story may prove of value to those who would like to catch an inside glimpse of the life of the actors in the Cuban revolt and the Spanish-American war that followed. It is written from the point of view of an American who looks upon the American intervention as a high moral duty. The style of the story is didactic rather than creative. It sets forth heroism, self-denial, and nobility of character on the part of both Cuban and Spaniard.

Laboratory Course in Plant Physiology. By William F. Ganong, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 147 pages. \$1.

Professor Ganong's book is a practical and practicable one. It is the result of long and mature experience, and includes all phases of plant physiology utilizable for purposes of general education.

Laborer and His Hire (The). By I. M. Shanklin. The Neale Co., Washington, D. C. 5×7½ in. 354 pages.

Latin America. By Hubert W. Brown, M.A. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 308 pages. \$1.20.

Mr. Brown's book supplies a positive want, inasmuch as nothing has yet appeared covering the field with such intimate knowledge. He views Latin America from four points. First, he describes it as a pagan region, informing us about pagan beliefs and practices, about their resemblances to Romanism, about the present pagan Indians and mixed races; secondly, he describes it as becoming a great Roman Catholic region, telling us about the Roman Catholic missionaries and their methods, about the wealth and power of the Church, about its corruption and failure; thirdly, and more interestingly, Mr. Brown describes the South American patriots—such men as Bolivar

and Juarez, for instance—their fight for independence, and especially their struggle for religious liberty; lastly, he describes Latin America as viewed by a Protestant, contrasting papal and Protestant conditions, and indicating the prospect for self-sustaining Protestant work. The volume comprises a series of lectures delivered last year at Princeton, Auburn, and Western Theological Seminaries. The author's words have considerable weight, as they are the result of his sixteen years of service as a missionary in Mexico. We could wish, however, that his language in describing Roman Catholic conditions were slightly less lurid.

Life and Letters of Gilbert White of Selborne.

Written and Edited by his Great-grandnephew, Rashleigh Holt-White. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. In 2 vols. 6×9 in. \$10.

As no authentic account of Gilbert White's career has until now been given to the world, Mr. Holt-White's biography is a timely publication. The biographer says that the life of a naturalist should have been written by a naturalist, but we are not so sure. On the other hand, we are sure that the biography should have been written by just such a careful and conscientious writer as is Mr. Holt-White. Admirers of Gilbert White have always felt that his character was on a par with his writings, and his great-grandnephew may well take satisfaction in repelling some of the absurd stories which have been told about the naturalist's habits, his relatives, and the Selborne of his time. In print and paper the publication is also commendable, and the reader's interest is heightened by the inclusion of a number of interesting portraits. Lastly, it will be a satisfaction to all those who hold Gilbert White in high place also to hold his biography in their hand as a book of so little physical weight. Would that many another biography were also less heavy, both materially and spiritually!

Lyra Germanica: Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year. (First Series.) Translated from the German by Catherine Winkworth. New Edition. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 264 pages. \$1.

In this reprint of a classic work a few corrections have been made, and some verses added to certain hymns.

Moths and Butterflies. By Mary C. Dickerson, B.S. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 6¼×9½ in. 344 pages. \$2.50.

This beautifully illustrated volume is a welcome publication. As the author says, there is a need for insect-books of an elementary nature. With the aid of hers, a student ought not only to gain training and observation, but should also gradually get hold of the underlying principles of natural science. The subject treated in this volume is interesting for several reasons. First of all, it leads to a freer out-of-door life. Secondly, the study of moths and butterflies is a charming occupation for the summer months, and hence the publication is a timely one. Thirdly, that study along the lines recommended in this volume is not difficult, because the author's language is entirely untechnical. Lastly, outside of its value as pure pleasure, natural history is of much edu-

cational importance. Not only does it place before the senses many opportunities for the pleasurable observation of concrete objects; it also leads the mind gradually to independent thought and judgment.

Mousmé: A Story of the West and East. By Clive Holland. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 347 pages. \$1.50.

This story is practically a sequel to "My Japanese Wife," by the same author, and it is likely to prove as attractive as did that remarkably successful tale. It depicts the life in England of that lovable Japanese girl, Mousmé, after her husband took her there to meet his family and friends. The prejudice against the little lady of alien race was strong, yet she triumphed over it and won her way into the hearts of her people-in-law. The story is full of clever touches, of delicate humor, and charged with that intangible quality called charm.

Nature Biographies: The Lives of Some Everyday Butterflies; Moths; Grasshoppers and Flies. By Clarence Moores Weed. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 164 pages. \$1.50.

Whoever reads this book will have respect as well as admiration for the butterfly floating by him on a country road, for he will have learned something of the wonderful changes that have taken place in its life, and of the not less wonderful instinct that has guided it. Besides the accounts of butterflies there are chapters on the Walking Stick, the Tent Caterpillars, and an interesting account of Insects in Winter. A book of this kind which tells simply the life history of a moth or a locust seems infinitely better adapted for the entertainment and instruction of children than the accounts which deal with these creatures under fanciful names, and attempt to weave an artificial romance around an existence the simple facts of which are sufficiently fascinating.

Nietzsche: Choice Selections from his Works. Compiled by Thomas Common. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 261 pages. \$2.

The writings of Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, who died a year ago at Weimar, afford much material for studies in mental pathology. People are at least comprehensible who are scandalized by some phenomena of Christianity in certain organized forms of it. But here is a "philosopher" who is scandalized by the New Testament; who finds "nothing in it which could be called free, generous, candid, upright;" who turns from St. Paul to "read with delight the most pleasant and wanton scoffer, Petronius." The compiler of this volume thinks that "if Darwin be regarded as the Copernicus of moral and social science, Nietzsche is the Newton thereof." Some will find here a prompting to discover the clue that can unravel such a labyrinth of error. More, perhaps, will dismiss it with Horace's remark: "*Tribus Anticyris caput insandabile.*"

Plea of Pan (The). By Henry W. Nevins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 190 pages. \$1.25.

These charming essays will be best appreciated by the reader who has not forgotten his Homer and Virgil, while many others will

find delight in them. Their plea for the free life of unsophisticated nature is at once illustrated and commended to one's interest by these sentences from the Introduction: "In the midst of daily life, in sober streets where policemen rot at ease, in committee-rooms and on boards of education, in quiet rectories and legislative assemblies, a breath of the wilderness comes suddenly, and whispers in their ears. At once the dull horror of all this sedentary world is borne in upon them. The old spirit wakes and cries for the wings of the morning, that it may fly away and bid sewage and civilization go hang." It is a book that Henry Thoreau would have loved, but written with a finer pen than Thoreau was master of, and adding "Attic salt" to the lore of the naturalist who knows the crimson of a hare's eye "when you catch it sideways in the sun." For picturesque writing in grand style the description of the defeat of the Titan brood of Earth by "the trim white gods" of Heaven is unsurpassable. For the sake of readers who have not a classical dictionary at hand a few notes should have been added, at least to explain the pertinency of such essay titles as "The New Pheidippides, and Verticordia"—Pheidippides as the introducer to Athens of the worship of Pan, god of forests and mountains; Verticordia as an epithet of Venus, the turner of hearts.

Selected Works of Huldreich Zwingli (1484-1531). Translated for the First Time from the Originals. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 258 pages. \$1.25.

The selections here made from the eight volumes of Zwingli's works are from papers hitherto not translated, at least wholly, into English or modern German. As chronologically arranged, they present a consecutive documentary history of some interesting phases of the Reformation at Zurich. Half of the volume is occupied with Zwingli's refutation of the "Catabaptists," as he termed the Baptists. The great debate at Zurich which marks the official beginning of the Reformation in German Switzerland is also given in full, as conducted by Zwingli with Faber, the Vicar-General of the diocese. Minor papers are equally interesting, as exhibiting the conditions of the time. The volume forms a desirable companion to the recently published life of Zwingli in the "Heroes of the Reformation" series.

Soldier in Two Armies (A). By George Arthur Andrews. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5x7½ in. 123 pages. 60c.

This young soldier of the Union, who died in Porto Rico when barely seventeen, was also a soldier of Christ, and a knightly soul without fear and without reproach. The record of his short life is at once a worthy tribute to the dead, and to the living an instructive lesson in manly Christianity.

Staffordshire Potter (The). By Harold Owen. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 377 pages. \$1.75.

This is a well balanced, well written, and interesting book. To those who have already obtained from any source a general view of the

progress of the working classes in England during the past seventy-five years, no better book could be suggested to round out their knowledge of changed conditions. The intensive study of a narrow field brings the reader into a closer touch with reality, and enables him to test the generalizations of the general historian. The natural result of following Mr. Owen's thorough work upon the struggles of the potters is that while these workers through their unions have gained enormously in point of freedom, they have gained less than is commonly supposed in the material rewards for their year's labor. As to the latter point, the trades-union historians seem to have exaggerated the gains in order to glorify the unions, while the conservative historians have exaggerated the general gains of the working classes in order to minimize the need of further reforms. To those who recall Sir Robert Giffen's claims as to the advance in wages between 1837 and 1887, there is something almost startling in Mr. Owen's calm record that in 1836 the average wages of potters were reckoned by the employers at nearly twenty-eight shillings a week, while in 1891 they were reckoned at hardly more than thirty shillings. Nevertheless, the earlier year was one following close after the first great successful strike of the potters' union added about one quarter to the low wages of the preceding decade. Something, therefore, has been gained by the unions in the point of wages, but the chief gain has been in the greater freedom of the workmen. Prior to the strike of 1836 the working potter could not leave his master except at the annual hiring time. "He was engaged at Martinmas in one year, and could not leave his master's employment, except at risk of imprisonment, until the following November, when the period of his service terminated. It was purely a custom, and there was no pretense on the part of the masters that it was reciprocal in character. An employer could and did discharge his workmen when he pleased." Even the strike of 1836 failed to put an end to this injustice, though at the end of it the employers agreed that thereafter a workman might leave his employment if he failed to receive sixteen days' work per month. Before that the employer could hold him if he provided but one day's work a week. In other respects the arrangements were hardly fairer, and terrible injustice was always possible if the employer cared to enforce his legal rights. It is the glory of the union that it has substituted for these feudal tenures voluntary contracts between employers and employed, terminable on either side at one month's notice, and providing for the equal treatment of all the workmen. In other words, the union has won for its members the rights of men where before they were practically serfs dependent upon the favor of their masters.

Ten New England Leaders. By Williston Walker. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 471 pages. \$2.

Of the ten lives here commemorated only one, Leonard Bacon's, falls wholly within the nineteenth century. Except the first in the series, Governor Bradford, of Plymouth, all were

clergymen. Such a selection testifies to the theocratic character of New England society during most of the colonial period. Illiberal as some modern critics consider this, even they would rather have it back again than the ochlocracy into which our municipalities seem gravitating. John Cotton, Richard and Increase Mather, John Eliot and Jonathan Edwards, Charles Chauncy, Samuel Hopkins, and Leonard Woods, as well as our contemporary, Leonard Bacon, were lights as well as leaders in Church and State, and deserve the faithful commemoration here given to their

life and work. These sketches were all given as lectures at Andover Seminary in 1898 and 1899. The characters they portray represent various types of mind that have shaped religious thought and influenced public policy in New England.

Unveiling of the Bust of Edgar Allan Poe (The) in the Library of the University of Virginia. Compiled and Edited by Charles W. Kent. The J. P. Bell Co., Lynchburg, Va. 6x9¼ in. 101 pages.

Weeds by the Wall. By Madison Cawein. John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky. 5x7 in. 94 pages. \$1.25.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

The question has come up in my mind whether my conscience is a heaven-born gift or intuition, or an evolution, the result of my education and training and the education and training of my ancestors back to the remote ages. What are your impressions? In our intercourse and business relations with people we meet those who appear to be devoid of conscience, the finer traits of whose character seem never to have unfolded. We have indisputable proof that many of the untutored savage people have committed fearful acts of cruelty without any apparent remorse. A few years ago I listened to several lectures by R. S. MacArthur. He made the remark, "My conscience is myself, and one other." Standing a moment with upturned eyes, he continued, "That other is God." Was the Doctor entirely right? S. B. C.

The term "conscience" includes several elements that require to be discriminated. What is intuitive is the feeling of obligation to prefer, of alternative courses, that which tends more to justice, truth, and the fulfillment of social obligations. What is evolutionary, as the product of experience and reflection, is the faculty of sound judgment of the practical course of conduct by which this higher tendency is to be realized. When the savage is cruel, it is not because he has no intuitive sense of moral obligation or right, but because the range in which that intuition is operative has not been extended by rational judgment beyond the limits of his tribe. As we have the poor always with us, so we have the morally poor, the savage, as well as also some idiots, moral as well as intellectual. Dr. MacArthur was right. Conscience is the moral action of our consciousness, and our consciousness is our conscious self. Furthermore, no man is mere man: our moral intuitions are pulses of the Infinite Moral Nature, whose name is God.

I inclose a clipping cut from a circulating newspaper:

"The children of the blackest Africans are born white, in a year they become brown, and their skin gradually blackens until the age of thirty, when it is ebony-colored."

Please tell me if there is any foundation in truth for the statement. R. R. C.

It is unfounded. The skin of the negro infant is of a dull cherry-red tint, growing black very soon.

I desire to read up during the summer the Reformation period of Church history, and especially the time of creed formation. I should appreciate your suggestions concerning the best books on this period. W. H. B.

See Schaff's "Creeds of Christendom," three volumes (Harper); the "Epochs of Church History" series, edited by Dr. John Fulton, Volumes VII. to X, inclusive (Scribner); the "Heroes of the Reformation" series (Putnam);

Trevelyan's "England in the Age of Wycliffe" (Longmans); Schweinitz's "History of the Moravian Church" (Moravian Publishing House, Bethlehem, Pa.), also the Rev. J. A. Babington's recently published "Reformation: A Religious and Historical Sketch" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$4)—a valuable work.

What is the most correct and most popular theory as to the division of races of men? Do climatic conditions satisfactorily explain the Mongolian, Caucasian, Malay, and Indian origin all from one common family? What book should one read to be best informed on this question? A. E. L.

This question is still litigated among anthropologists. The most widely accepted belief is that all human varieties have sprung from a common origin. Among the best works on the subject are Morris's "Man and his Ancestor" (The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.50), Sergi's "Mediterranean Race" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50), Keane's "Man, Past and Present" (Macmillan, \$2.50), and Brinton's "Races and Peoples" (D. McKay, Philadelphia, \$1.50).

Some years ago I found in a newspaper the proper grouping of the best known of Anthony Trollope's novels, giving the order in which they were to be read. I have mislaid the clipping and my memory fails to recall the details desired by some of the readers in a library in which I am interested. I think there is a Cathedral Group, including "Orley Farm," "Barchester Towers," and two others; a Political Group, made up of "Phineas Finn," "Phineas Redux," "The Prime Minister," and one other; and also a third group, the name of which utterly escapes me. If the editor or any Outlook reader can give me this information, I shall be the most grateful.

H. S.

In your number of June 15 "H. W. P." gives George Dana Boardman as author of "Sow an act, reap a habit." This is incorrect, and was merely a quotation by Dr. Boardman from an unknown author. He is popularly credited with the authorship, but its paternity is disavowed by him.

J. M. D.

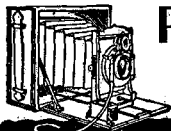
Can any reader of The Outlook tell me where a copy of Denton J. Snider's commentary on Dante can be procured? I think it is out of print.

H. E. J.

Please inform me where I can get a copy of the little poem "Mother Down in Maine."

T. S.

Anonymous Inquiries.—We regret to be obliged again to remind correspondents that they can expect no reply when the rule above printed, requiring the name and address to accompany their communications, is not complied with.



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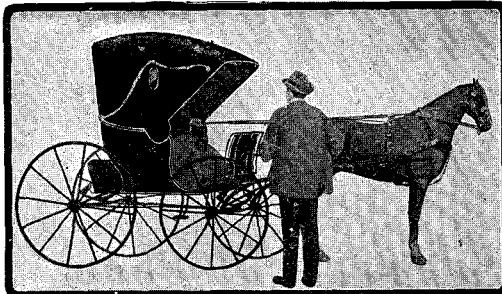
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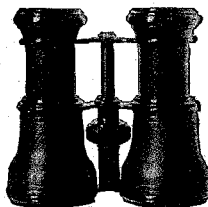
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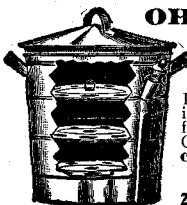
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The route will be via Chicago & North-Western Railway Chicago to Council Bluffs and Omaha; Union Pacific Railroad to Denver; Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to Grand Junction; Rio Grande Western Railway to Salt Lake and Ogden; and Southern Pacific Company to San Francisco. This is one of the most beautiful scenic routes of the world. The principal points en route are Omaha, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Pueblo, Royal Gorge (Marshall Pass optional), Leadville, Grand Cañon, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden, and Sacramento, and will take tourists through the heart of the Rocky Mountains and over the far-famed Sierra Nevadas. Stops en route will be made at Denver, permitting a trip over the famous Loop and sight-seeing in the Capital City of Colorado; at Colorado Springs for the purpose of visiting Manitou, Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, Cheyenne Cañon, etc. Stop will be made at Glenwood Springs, on the far side of the Rockies, and which is one of the famous resorts of Colorado. Sunday will be spent in Salt Lake City, permitting those who may desire to attend services in the Mormon Tabernacle.

Purchase your tickets from your home agent, as a considerable saving can usually be made by so doing, but be particular to see that they read via the Chicago & North-Western Railway from Chicago. Select such railway line up to Chicago as will best suit your convenience and enable you to leave on special train from Chicago at 11:59 p.m., Tuesday, July 9, 1901, via Chicago & North-Western Railway.

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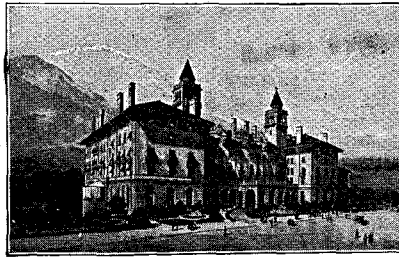
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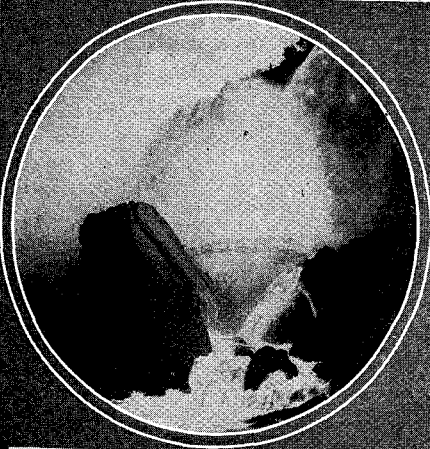
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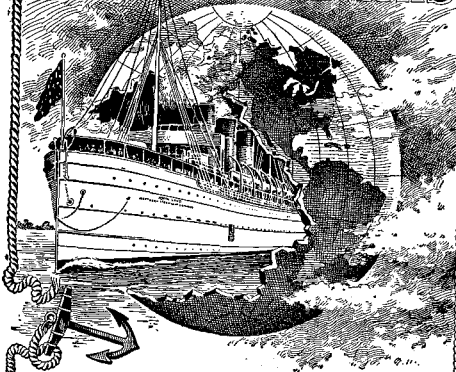
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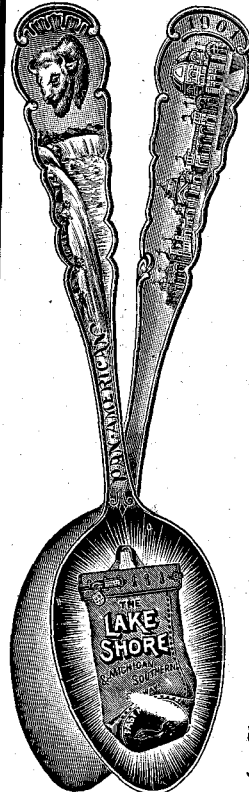
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